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*We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications: and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

**NOTES OF THE WEEK.**

The Prime Minister was in a very self-complacent mood at Dunfermline on Tuesday. At home and abroad his Government was a monument of high principle and of success. "By common consent never have foreign affairs been managed with more conspicuous ability and success than by Sir Edward Grey." This is putting it rather high. Sir Edward Grey stands high in public regard, certainly; but very few would say there has never been an abler Foreign Secretary. And in South Africa "no incident in the whole colonial history of our country has been more splendid in its lesson to ourselves and to the world" than the Liberal policy of autonomy. Splendid to have put the British under the heel of the Dutch; for that is what the Prime Minister has done! And he is surprised at his moderation to the Lords. Why, he is leaving them the right to speak and advise and criticise. It is so likely the Lords will consent to sink into an academic debating society, talking and nobody marking: because their talking could have no effect.

In this speech Sir Henry fathered on his political opponents a very gross misquotation from Shakespeare. According to him, we say the House of Lords resolution is all "fire and fury, signifying nothing". Any Conservative, we hope, would have said "sound and fury"; and the tag would be to the point. Possibly Sir Henry was not so wicked as he seemed. Suppose he thought he was quoting correctly? Is he as innocent of Macbeth as of "Limericks"? By the way, "Gilbertian idea" is getting worn out. Sir Henry really should not have harped on it as though he had made the phrase. Every self-respecting public speaker should

renounce "comic opera situations" for at least two or three years.

There is no doubt about the daring and—from the Government point of view—the devil with which Lord Rosebery is attacking the Scotch side of the Liberal programme: the only doubt is, as we have suggested before, whether Lord Rosebery is not to-day, after all, a Conservative pure and simple. His speech at Glasgow at any rate was a Conservative speech; so have most of his speeches been Conservative for months past. Indeed if he swing round presently, we are not sure whether the Opposition will not be justified in describing him as a turncoat. Lord Rosebery is not a Home Ruler, he is not a small-holder—at least not a Scotch small-holder—he is not a Socialist, he is not a filler-up-of-the-cup, he is not a Little-Englander, he is not a reducer of the Army—at least not a reducer of the Scottish regiments. But stay—he is a free-foder. It may—or may not—then be just conceivable that it is arguable that he still hangs on to the Liberal party by the skin of his teeth.

Whatever his exact political tint at the moment, Lord Rosebery is doing a public service by his treatment of the Scotch Small Holders Bill. He ran his rapier into it once more at Glasgow on Wednesday, and gave the rapier a vicious twist as each thrust drove home. We have not for some time read anything in political debate severer than his description of the Scotch "blundering" of the Prime Minister, and his scathing words on the plan to introduce dual ownership into the Scotch land system. Lord Rosebery objects intensely to the introduction of the Crofter system to the whole of Scotland. It is indeed about as wise as Mr. Keir Hardie's idea of introducing the Canadian system into India. To cap it all, Lord Rosebery has come in line with Lord St. Aldwyn, whose views on the English land system he quoted at Glasgow with high approval—"Do not hastily discard the agricultural system which has enabled this country to weather great disasters to which the agricultural systems in other countries have succumbed." Altogether, this is perhaps the strongest, if not the wittiest, speech Lord Rosebery has made for some time past.

The Liberal press is most annoyed with Lord Rosebery for his attack on the Bill. One of the Radical papers sneers at him as trying to play the part of Horatius to the House of Lords. But Horatius kept the bridge, whereas unhappily Lord Rosebery and the House of Lords abandoned it to clamour and vandalism. As a result we have the tramcars of the London County Council swarming over the bridge. Can nothing be done to lessen the evil by lessening the number of these huge and hideous things? It is obvious that there are far more than are necessary. Moreover three-fourths of the people who "ride" across the bridge would keep their health and halfpence better if they walked.

If Mr. Birrell remains obdurate and will not grant the inquiry into the outrage at Lord Ashtown's, we suggest to Mr. Redmond that he should try to get inquiries into two or three dozen of the incidents mentioned in the latest issue of "Irish Facts". In this publication, which is the work of the Irish Defence League—a very active body started by Mr. Walter Long—four pages of small and close print are devoted to the description of Nationalist incidents from 1 June to 26 September. They include such trifles as firing into various persons' houses at night, firing at and wounding men who have given offence to Nationalist feelings. Here is one typical incident: "23 September. Corofin District.—Three shots fired into the house of Farmer Casey, who occupies a farm which his neighbours want for small holdings." Something like a drastic small holdings policy! Even the Government's Scotch Bill is mild compared with this.

Lord Milner's activity as a Tariff Reformer does not abate. He has taken the field in earnest. On Thursday he was at Tunbridge Wells, exhorting a mass meeting. It is wearisome repeating the same thing, but in politics, at any rate under democratic conditions, it has to be done. It must be driven into the people's heads that Tariff Reform is a practical matter; it is no academic question of economic theory. It is not just an alternative of Free Trade or Protection. "The tariff reformer", says Lord Milner, "does not believe in any absolute right or wrong in such a matter as the imposition of import duties." Import duties are an instrument all countries and all statesmen make use of. There is no general question whether import duties are right or wrong. The only question is whether this particular duty is expedient or not;—which must always depend on immediate circumstances.

Mr. Samuel M.P. offers £100 to anyone who can prove that Mr. Balfour is a Protectionist or a Free Trader, or neither or both. The offer is made, to all appearance, quite gravely, and we shall be happy to take it up if Mr. Samuel will formally deposit the money in the usual way, and will agree to accept the decision of some disinterested outsider, or say of a tribunal of three outsiders. Of course there must be no quibbling about the meaning of the word prove. Mathematically, of course, such a thing cannot be proved: mathematically, we suppose, it could not be proved that Mr. Samuel's name is Samuel or that he is in the Government. But the word must be used in its ordinary working sense.

Mr. Deakin has secured the assent of the Australian Parliament to his preference proposals after a capital speech in their defence. Though he did not say in so many words, he made it quite clear, that Australia would have gone much further in concessions to British goods if there had been any disposition to reciprocate. As it is, Australia, after due consideration of her own needs, has given first place to the interests of British commerce, and in Australia Mr. Deakin advocates as stoutly as he advocated in London that preference should be used as a means of diverting trade from foreign to British channels. The urgency of the measure cannot be denied. Unfortunately, as he pointed out, the idea of empire co-operation was "cavalierly set aside" at the Imperial Conference, though "the Empire possesses greater possibilities of self-sufficiency than any other nation in the world".

Mr. Deakin and his colleagues have no doubt been encouraged by the belief that reciprocity will not be rejected by the British people when they once realise what it means to their industrial and imperial future.

A little tardily perhaps both the Canadian Government and Mr. Rudyard Kipling have discovered that the outcry against Asiatic labour is unwise equally from a diplomatic and an economic point of view. Not only has Sir Wilfrid Laurier given assurances to the Emperor of Japan that he will do all in his power to prevent a recurrence of the regrettable incidents at Vancouver, but Mr. Lemieux, the Minister of Labour, is actually on his way to Tokio to negotiate a settlement of the immigration difficulty. A fortnight ago Mr. Rudyard Kipling in Vancouver said the colonists had to choose between white men with an instinctive respect for British laws, and Orientals who more or less regard all laws as a means of oppression. In Ottawa on Monday, after having had an opportunity of studying the question on the spot, he said he could not for the life of him understand why the question before the country was one of the exclusion of certain forms of labour. Canada wants labour and she must regard the Asiatic influx as "a natural concomitant" of the development of her Asiatic trade.

The American bubble has burst at last. On Wednesday the Knickerbocker Trust was obliged to close its doors against a "run" of depositors, and on Thursday the Trust Company of America was attacked in a similar manner, but was supported by the other trusts and the banks. The Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Cortelyou, who corresponds to our Chancellor of the Exchequer, appeared upon the scene, and strove to stay the plague by lending freely from the State monies at his disposal to the banks on good collateral security. The late Walter Bagehot, a great authority on banking, used to say that the way to stop a panic was to lend freely at the beginning, and to go on lending to good people. The American trusts, it should be pointed out, are not in the least like our trust companies in London, which are mere investment societies. American trusts are of two kinds: trade combinations, like the Steel Trust and the Oil Trust; and private banks, which lend money, accept deposits, and too often speculate wildly.

General Drude's optimism has been somewhat rudely shaken more than once since he took charge of the operations in and about Casablanca. He is apparently still hoping for an early and satisfactory ending of his labours, notwithstanding that the wily tribesmen are as ready to strike as ever. That the French have not established order and security of person and property beyond the line of their outposts has unhappily been made clear by the murder of M. Künzer. A reconnaissance made to ascertain what had become of him was extended a little farther than General Drude intended. The French forces were heavily engaged, the affair developed into a considerable engagement, and but for the excellent work of the French cavalry there might have been a disaster which would have made the situation more critical than ever. France, slow to give effect to the Algeiras Act, has hardly shown herself at Casablanca over-zealous in effecting a settlement, and, however unjust, German suspicions of her intentions are not altogether unnatural.

On reassembling this week the French Ministry finds itself in a stronger parliamentary position, at any rate for the moment, than it had any right to expect. Their greater security cannot be put to the credit of anything M. Clémenceau and his colleagues have done or avoided. It is due solely to fear, a well-grounded fear, of anti-militarist propaganda. The middle classes are beginning to be aware that there is a movement amongst Frenchmen which could only result in the destruction of France as a European Power. This, the bourgeoisie is able to perceive, cannot be done without danger to their property, and so at last they are stirring out of their apathy. In this general scare about the anti-militarist Socialists it is natural that men of diverse



shades of politics should turn to the Government that is as their best, perhaps only, standing ground.

Thus by an amusing irony M. Clémenceau, the arch-Radical, the firebrand of other and not very distant days, remains in office solely through conservative forces. Conservative timidity has made strange bedfellows. Meantime M. Clémenceau improves the occasion by turning the Chamber's attention to Church property. A new measure of spoliation is to be pushed on. In French Republican politics the rule seems to be, when in difficulty attack the Church. This will no doubt divert attention from Morocco.

The Emperor Francis Joseph continues to recover in health. Anxiety may now perhaps be laid. The whole world may be thankful; certainly all Europe is, because Europe knows the extreme value of the Emperor's personality. This truly great old man, greater every year he is older, is comment enough on the silly craze of the day for youngsters. Our reforming hustlers would no doubt have liked to clap an age limit on Francis Joseph years ago. Let them go to Spain. The Emperor has a sense of humour and will have his own view of the pure disinterest of some of this anxiety on his behalf. Yet he is loved personally, if ever Sovereign was.

The extraordinary libel action brought by General Count Kuno Moltke against Herr Harden the Editor of the "Zukunft" has been going on several days in Berlin. Politically the articles have already had serious consequences. They were brought to the Kaiser's notice by the Crown Prince and the dismissal or retirement of Prince Philip Eulenberg, the German Ambassador in Vienna, of Count Hohenhau, and of Count Kuno Moltke followed. It was of this circle that Prince von Bülow spoke as the "Camarilla" at the time of the dissolution of the Reichstag: and this event has been explained as intended to counteract the intrigues of the Camarilla. The charges made by the "Zukunft" in very veiled language were that abnormal practices and abnormal sexual sensibilities were prevalent in this circle.

Count Kuno Moltke has obtained an admission that it was not intended to state that the worst construction must be put on the peculiarities alleged against him. But the defendant persists that the Count knew that members of the circle were actually guilty, and he must take the consequences. He would not he declares have made the charges but it was a circle of this kind which was exercising political influence illegitimately. Herr Harden has refused the proposal of the Count to agree on terms with Count Kuno Moltke. The case is therefore going on, and the evidence of soldiers is being taken as to several of the persons implicated; the public being excluded.

It is a cruel position for a litigant who has obtained a verdict of a jury and the judgment of a judge for £300, that the Appeal Court should reverse the whole thing, and the unlucky plaintiff have to pay costs in both courts. This is Miss Newman's position in the "understudy" case. There is a glamour about the word to the non-theatrical person. It generally implies triumphs, but in Miss Newman's case she found that a prosaic contract reduced her from being Miss Edna May's alter ego to playing second fiddle to Phyllis Dare. One learns something not everybody knows from Miss Newman's experience; that is what an understudy really is. He does not obtain the right to play in place of a particular actor, but he must play the part if called on by the management; and the understudy has no right to play the part of his principal if the latter happens to be absent.

The statement which the Archbishop of Canterbury is promulgating as to the Deceased Wife's Sister Act seems to be inconclusive. The grounds of the Church's opposition to this change in the marriage law are clearly set out in what appears to be a very able historic and legal summary. And this establishes that the canon disallowing these marriages, which has been judicially declared to be binding on the clergy, remains

unrepealed and is not affected by the new Act. A clergyman therefore has no option but to regard persons who make one of these prohibited marriages as violating, and so far outside, the law of the Church. And yet the Archbishop thinks they should be admitted to the Holy Communion. He further states plainly that in his judgment these marriages ought not to be celebrated in church, being illegal according to Church law. And yet he will not regard it as an act of disloyalty or disrespect if any of his clergy think, and we suppose act, otherwise. The object, of course, is to avoid ructions. At a certain price ructions can always be avoided.

The inquiry into the Shrewsbury disaster and the inquest on the engine-driver Martin do not leave precisely the same impression. Evidence given before the Board of Trade representative went to show that Martin was guilty of over-shooting signals and that the mechanism of the engine was in no way defective. At the inquest the jury, whilst returning a verdict of "Accidental death", expressed their opinion that the brakes of the train were not sufficiently powerful. The post-mortem examination on Martin disposes of the idea that he was unhealthy, intemperate, or subject to fits of any kind. Hence the disaster must be added to the list of mysteries which can never be cleared up because the one man who might have explained what really did happen is dead. It is satisfactory that the railway company takes all responsibility.

As to the Shrewsbury accident, it is interesting to recall a saying of George Stephenson. When almost every wise man and every fool was declaring it impossible for a train to go at twenty miles an hour—at ten miles indeed—and predicting ruin if it did, Stephenson mentioned forty miles an hour as the maximum. He said that if the trains of the future moved at a quicker rate than this, the safety of travellers would be sacrificed. Whatever the cause of the Shrewsbury accident, it is certain that high speeds have led to other very serious accidents. Considering that this warning was spoken between seventy and eighty years ago, when railways were new, it well shows Stephenson's wonderful foresight.

On Friday Mr. Lloyd-George met at the Board of Trade offices a large number of chairmen, directors and general managers of the railway companies. An official statement was issued that in the course of the proceedings, which were private, various suggestions were made with a view to facilitating a settlement of questions which had been raised between the railway companies and their employees. The proceedings were adjourned and the conference is to meet again. Lord Claud Hamilton and Sir Ernest Paget, as chairmen of the Great Eastern and Midland Railway Companies respectively, have published long documents explaining why their companies cannot recognise the trade unions. Mr. Bell has made the documents the text of several speeches, but they contain nothing in principle that has not been interminably discussed. The new matter is concerned with squabbles about the conduct of certain union workmen of the Great Eastern Company, and of course Mr. Bell does not agree with Lord Claud Hamilton's rendering of them. But really the Report the Board of Trade has just issued on the work of voluntary Conciliation and Arbitration Boards is far more informing than either Lord Claud's document or Mr. Bell's speeches.

The younger Homeric heroes such as Achilles or Ajax willingly gave the palm for wisdom to Ulysses or Nestor, but boasted of their fighting prowess. In our days it is the older men who show the fighting spirit, as witness the railway directors. A complete record has been made of the septuagenarian and octogenarian members of the railway boards, and it is amazing. The Bench of Judges, which we thought had the best record of lives in the insurance sense, is thoroughly beaten; but it happens that Sir John Hollams who is a solicitor is the doyen of the directors at eighty-seven. Eighty-five is a favourite age; and it really seems that to attain a great age one must be a director, or be a

great age to become a director. It is consoling to those of us no longer young to see these sturdy elders not only defying trade unions but Father Time himself.

Mr. Warde Fowler is probably bored more than complimented, assuming he knows anything about it, by the amount of moralising and monition his lecture on Roman home life has moved. The Classical Association should almost become a popular body. Poor old Rome has always been the awful example with the politician and the journalist. The papers can read the doom of England in Mr. Warde Fowler's lecture. No doubt the gradual change from the cottage home, one may almost use the word, to the block-dwelling was a social misfortune; but it was not a peculiarly Roman symptom. It is incident to rapid growth in every State, and should for that reason, of course, be the more carefully watched and kept in check. To charge this phase of social degeneracy against the Cæsars is a triumph even for newspaper historians.

Luther's opinion about the plague was that without doubt it was the work of the devil. Sir Lauder Brunton at the School of Tropical Medicine offered an explanation which is different but equally surprising. It is demonstrated beyond doubt, he says, that though infected food may possibly produce the plague, it is fleas that are the main instrument of spreading infection. Rats it was pretty well known were disseminators, and in India the rats are killed as a preventive. Sir Lauder Brunton showed how from these two causes the plague might spread through London or England from the East as it did in earlier days. He adds a new motive for dealing with the housing question by insisting that we are pursuing a dangerous course in allowing rat and flea infested districts to exist in the poorer parts of London. The social union of rich and poor promoted by the intervention of the ubiquitous flea is a charming idea.

The doom of the Talbot Woods at Bournemouth is a matter of more than local interest. We cannot help thinking that the Bournemouth people are making a mistake, even commercially, in suffering these beautiful woods to be ruined by the builder. Will they not in the end lessen the value of their town by "erecting" new and "commodious residences" on "this attractive site"? Villa vandalism has spoilt, as it is, too many English seaside places—or "resorts" as the advertisements put it. We believe there is a great deal of twaddle talked and written about afforestation, which is to cure the evil of the unemployed and to turn to profit millions of acres of waste land—as if the unemployed were going to do the dull hard work of planting trees!—but deforestation may be still worse policy.

We suppose that Mr. Garth, who died a few days ago, will rank as one of the most famous figures in nineteenth-century sport. As a fox-hunter he will be almost as famous as Assheton Smith, but what a contrast between the two temperaments! Mr. Garth without doubt went slow—at times, very slow; if Assheton Smith had hunted till his hundredth year—it was his ambition, if we remember rightly, to hunt at eighty—he would have striven to ride hard. Mr. Garth had all his life that rare thing, the respect of men of all classes. A fine old fox-hunting, leisurely English gentleman: such was Mr. Garth. We believe there are still men of this stamp in England; but doubtless they were more a product of the first than of the second half of the nineteenth century.

To drag the name of the King into a trade dispute—ten days ago such a breach of good manners would have been unthinkable. But the most enterprising paper in England or America has done it. Mr. John Murray has rightly and wisely refused to take any notice of the really gross, unmannerly attacks on himself in letters to the press. He can afford to do so. Everybody admits that he has managed the publication of Queen Victoria's Letters with skill and tact.

#### A QUIBBLING PRIME MINISTER.

**L**IBERALS, when they talk amongst their friends, some when they are speaking on platforms, are ready to confess that the main force which holds the Ministerialists together in the House of Commons is the character of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. It is a depreciating asset. The bonhomie, it is true, the amiability, the blameless humour, remain unaffected, but wrangling factions and jealous cliques cannot long be dominated by a "nice old gentleman for a quiet tea-party". Hitherto the Prime Minister had been credited with qualities more solid than those which won Mr. Parnell's certificate to Mr. Justin McCarthy. Sir Henry was generally regarded as an earnest, straightforward politician, who compensated with strength and simplicity for the painfully obvious deficiencies of his intellect. The fact that he has never struck out a fresh thought which might illuminate the counsels of his party, or coined a phrase that struck the public imagination, save such as were repeated by his adversaries in derision, was held of little account by the side of his unimpeached sincerity. *O sancta simplicitas!* We look through his Dunfermline oration and fail to come upon any trace of ordinary candour. He had been taunted by Mr. Long for having neglected, in his previous deliverance at Edinburgh, to include the foreign affairs of Great Britain and the interests of the colonies in the gratified survey of his Cabinet's achievements. Stung by the reproach, he undertook to show his paces as a diplomatist and international statesman. It was, he said, universally admitted that never before had our external business been administered with greater ability or success than by Sir Edward Grey. Where does he discover that general satisfaction? Is it in Australia or New Zealand? In that case the Premiers at the Antipodes must signally have misrepresented their meaning in the comments which they passed on the New Hebrides Convention, both on the terms of the agreement and on the manner in which it was concluded. Then perhaps it is to Newfoundland that Sir Henry looks for a tribute to the dealings between London and Washington. Let us admit that in both instances the Secretary of State may have been hampered by difficulties which it would not be prudent to disclose. Still, it is the bare truth that our diplomacy has lent itself to scornful disparagement in the colonies. No wonder that Canada preferred to conduct its own negotiations with France, with the British Ambassador standing by to append his signature, like the cook who has been summoned from the kitchen to witness a transfer of stock. Now it cannot be pretended that Sir Henry is ignorant of the annoyance caused by the action of the Foreign Office amongst our fellow-subjects in Australasia and North America. But he thought it tactful to pretend that the incidents had not taken place, and trusted to the forgetfulness of an audience.

But it was not tactful, though it was disingenuous, to hold up the Anglo-Russian Treaty as an illustrious feat of Liberal diplomacy, and a proof of the party's traditional friendship towards the Tsar and his people. In the first place the foundations of the slowly ratified understanding had been laid by Lord Lansdowne. It is only for the details that Sir Edward Grey can be praised—or blamed. Now as to those details there is no chorus of praise amongst men who know the East. Indeed they are pretty well agreed that in Afghanistan we have left loopholes for intrigue, and in Persia have formally signed away what we were not obliged to concede. Of course it may be replied that the fact of establishing concord with Russia in regard to Asia is in itself a genuine advantage. Agreed, but what guarantee have we obtained that our pacific intentions are reciprocated? Everything turns on the spirit in which Russian statesmen interpret their obligations. Nicholas II. and M. Izvolsky are, no doubt, men of the highest honour, but Tsars and Ministers are not immortal. Nor are their purposes unchanging. In the bargain praised by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman we have been given no tangible security. The only consideration received is a word of honour put into writing—an I O U without a date fixed for payment. The Prime Minister is so incurious about foreign affairs that his satisfaction may conceivably be genuine. But we cannot say



the same of his boast about the affection and regard of his party for the Government with which the business was transacted. On the contrary, Ministers and followers have gone out of their way to affront the Tsar and his advisers. The long-arranged cruise of British men-of-war in the waters of the Baltic was countermanded because the Radicals protested against our officers paying a visit of ceremony to any Russian port. These very negotiations on which Sir Henry plumes himself were completed in defiance of an organised resistance in the Ministerial Left, the group which, as everybody knows, has the ear of the Chief. To speak, therefore, as though the agreement with Russia, whether for good or evil, were the outcome of beneficent Liberalism is nothing more nor less than misrepresenting notorious facts. At least it would have been prudent to wait a year or two, three or four years, and see how the new agreement works out in practice. At present we have no excuse for withdrawing one battalion or dismantling a single fort on the Indian frontier.

Again, it was mere claptrap to eulogise the enfranchisement of the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies. Let us assume that the experiment will not end in disaster; that men like Mr. Botha and Mr. Smuts, Mr. Stein and Mr. Fischer, will see their account in rendering continued lip-homage to the British flag. We may, for argument's sake, indulge a yet bolder flight of the political imagination, and conceive that the English officials and settlers will get something like fair play. Even so, the moment has not yet arrived for pronouncing the venture a success. What we do know is that the British are being at present weeded out in the name of retrenchment and their places filled by Boers at the same salaries. We are also aware that the Boer Ministry have been given a free hand to deal with the British Indians in the Transvaal, and throughout India all educated natives will understand that the Imperial raj, which is strong enough to suppress sedition at home, cannot or will not hold up its hand to protect its subjects in a British colony. This is the record, down to date, of the Liberal Government's mission in South Africa. It required some effrontery in Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to point to this as a reason for public confidence.

If he was vague, elusive, and misleading in his remarks on foreign and colonial events, he was positively shuffling in the pretended explanation of his attitude towards the House of Lords. Sir Henry is a shrewd man, and has lately realised that many good Liberals are troubled in their minds about his recent declarations. They must be reassured. He dismissed as a calumny the suggestion that he wished to set up a single-chamber system. Yet that, and nothing else, is his purpose, since the powers which, under his scheme, are to be retained by the Peers, would amount to nothing. They could give advice—which the Commons could and would reject. They might offer suggestions—which the Commons need not and would not accept. For a year or two they would be able to delay some Government Bill—it would be passed before the Parliament came to an end. This is reducing the authority of the Peers to a nullity, and, if Sir Henry were a candid man, he would cease to utter transparent nonsense about the useful and honourable functions which he proposes to leave them. He was still more slippery when he passed on to internal reform of the Upper House. Previously he had given offence to some of his own people by his cavalier rejection of all such projects. They have been saying that it is not fair play to attack the constitution of a Chamber when you decline either to improve it yourself or allow others to attempt the task. How was this objection to be met? Sir Henry professed to be quite amiably disposed towards reform. But it must be postponed until the Peers had been put into their proper place. Who would care about introducing a representative element, or providing places for men eminent in art, science, and letters if the House were to be degraded to the rank of a political nonentity? Once again Sir Henry was shuffling. But what shall we say of his disclaiming the policy of "filling up the cup"? For nearly forty years, he exclaimed, the cup has been full and over-

flowing. Then what has the Liberal party been doing all this time during which it has enjoyed the advantage of Sir Henry's uninterrupted co-operation? Twenty-three years ago, when the Reform agitation was at its height, we remember that the Radicals clamoured to be led, with band and banner, against the House of Lords. Mr. Gladstone politely but firmly refused to head the assault. We are not aware that Sir Henry protested against his leader's backsliding. Certainly he did not resign office. He accepted it again in 1886. The truth is the Liberal party has always been afraid of tackling the House of Lords: and they would put it off still, had not the fate of the nonconformists' Education Bill brought the Government absolutely to a standstill. He was in office once more in 1892, and twice at least in the days of that short-lived Administration the question of the House of Lords was raised in a critical form. In 1893, it will be remembered, the Peers were to be swept out of existence for amending the Parish Councils Bill. Again Mr. Gladstone declined, and retired into private life. In 1894 it was proposed by Lord Rosebery that the Liberal party should concentrate on this single issue. Now it is well known that his advice was rejected by Sir William Harcourt and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. They laughed at the resolution of the Commons with which the Prime Minister was prepared to open the campaign, and they voted for "filling up the cup"—the cup which, Sir Henry tells us, had for many years been full and overflowing. And what is he doing now but reverting to the policy which he affects to repudiate? There is no other meaning to be attached to his apparently wild talk about the Scottish Land Bills, Education, and Licensing. The only object is to manufacture grievances against the Peers and scrape together Ministers for the operation which Lord Rosebery has described as "snowballing the House of Lords".

#### A STATESMAN AND A CHARLATAN.

MR. MORLEY'S speech at Arbroath, though it never mentioned Mr. Keir Hardie, is throughout a splendid rebuke of that vain and hare-brained demagogue. After the translation of Mr. John Burns from Trafalgar Square straight into the Cabinet, it is not surprising that other agitators, with equal ambition, have been fired with emulation. India is, in one sense, a tempting field for agitation: the electors know nothing about it; very few educated men know much; and the danger of lighting a bonfire is real. How easy to say that what is good for Canada is good for India! This does not quite come up to "the chemical parcel-post" of Mr. Burns (which was to send Lord Salisbury and the Czar to another world); but it is simple, and rousing, and infinitely more mischievous. Twenty years ago Mr. Keir Hardie would have been arrested, and sent packing home; forty years ago it is not improbable that Sir Howard Vincent's "short way with rebels" would have been adopted. But we have changed all that. Not only are the sedition-monger's words cabled home, and reproduced in leaded type by all the newspapers, but his Majesty's Viceroy receives him. That is, as Mr. Morley explains, because "we are not Orientals", but "the representatives of Western civilisation, its methods, its principles, its practices" in India. That is very well, and after Mr. Morley's speech we certainly shall not be captious critics of his administration. But it must remain a seriously arguable question whether the methods and practices of Western civilisation are safely applicable to Orientals. Indeed Mr. Morley himself admitted this, when he described the saying about Canada as "a very dangerous and gross fallacy", and when he pointed out that a fur-coat was not as suitable in the Deccan as in Montreal. We are not unmindful of Bacon's saying that "the punishment of wits enhances their authority", and no doubt it would have been a mistake to gratify Mr. Keir Hardie's desire for martyrdom. It is perhaps a question of degree how far a member of Parliament may be allowed to abuse the privilege of his position by treating India as an enlarged Hyde Park. In his concrete and vivid style Mr. Morley brought the matter home to his

constituents, who are intelligent Scotchmen with strong imperial predilections. "Let us see where we start from", said the Secretary of State for India. "Does anybody want me to go to London to-morrow morning and send a telegram to Lord Kitchener, who is Commander-in-Chief in India, and tell him to disband the native army and send home as fast as we can despatch transports the British contingent of the army, and bring away the whole of the civil servants?" That is really the way to put it to those who accuse Mr. Morley of having swallowed his principles, who clamour for they know not what reforms, and whom the Secretary of State, with polished sarcasm, dubs "impatient idealists". Suppose it to be true that India is a pecuniary loss to England—which it emphatically is not—suppose that India would have worked out her own salvation without Great Britain; "how should we look in the face of the civilised world if we had turned our back upon our duty and upon our task? How should we bear the savage stings of our own consciences when, as assuredly we should, we heard through the dark distances the roar and scream of confusion and carnage in India?" That is a fine passage, not only for its impassioned rhetoric, but for its noble philosophy. It is redolent of Burke, whose teaching, we are glad to see, seems to be coming home to Mr. Morley with more impression in his present office than at any previous period of his literary or political career; but letters will tell in the long run, and we only wish we had a few more statesmen whose education was not confined to scraps of poetry or law-Latin.

The really grave question is whether what the yellow journals call "the unrest" in India is "natural effervescence" or "deadly fermentation". Even the Secretary of State, with his portfolio, shrinks from giving an answer. None but a shallow and presumptuous quack of the Keir Hardie pattern would dogmatise on such a point. The almost insoluble difficulty of the problem lies in the attempt to extract from the mass of races and creeds which we call India "a true political personality". How many Radical politicians, who gabble about reforms in India, could tell the names of half-a-dozen of the prepollent races in the peninsula? Or the names of three or four of the prevalent languages? Or the differences between the four great religions which divide, even more sharply than their pedigrees, those rival races? With the penetrative sympathy of a man of letters Mr. Morley speaks of the intoxicating effect upon the mind of the educated Indians who are beginning to feed, "at our instigation", on "the great teachers and masters of this country—Milton, and Burke, and Macaulay, and John Stuart Mill". We wish we could share Mr. Morley's opinion that this reading produces no worse effect upon the educated Indian than it does upon the undergraduate with literary tastes. We are rather afraid that it may work upon their minds in the way that the writings of the French Encyclopædists worked upon the upper class in France during the eighteenth century, and that it may predispose to revolution. The mental gap between the educated Indian prince or barrister and the peon or sweeper is quite as great as was that between the French courtier or Parisian philosopher and the peasant. Such differences in a country governed by absolute institutions too often issue in violence. Nevertheless we cannot retrace our steps in India, whatever the danger—that we recognise. Democracy is on its trial, in Great Britain, in the colonies, and in India. Mr. Morley is harassed by those of his own household; and we will not rob him of his crumb of comfort in thinking that so far democracy has behaved well in relation to the government of its distant dependencies. Indeed, we will always support him, to the best of our ability, in his struggle with ignorance and folly, and in his statesmanlike resolution to "rally the moderates" and by patience and firmness gradually to bring "the better mind of educated India" into contact with its own government. The policy of leaving the protected States of India, with the princes who rule them, "more to themselves" is sound. It were too much to expect that Mr. Morley's homily on the baneful influence of extremists in politics will have a chastening effect on his own party, which, like so many animals that swim and creep, is guided by

its tail. It is therefore the more incumbent on patriotic citizens of all parties to assist the Secretary of State for India in his determination to discharge his duty to his Sovereign and his country by continuing to govern the greatest of our possessions on the principles of sanity and safety.

#### MR. ASQUITH'S JUGGLE WITH SOCIALISM.

MR. ASQUITH took in hand a delicate subject when he spoke at Ladybank on the relations between Liberalism and Socialism. His immediate object was to defend Liberalism against the charge that the Socialists have captured or are in process of capturing the Liberal party. This is a most important point for him to prove to the middle-class Liberal as distinguished from the Radical section of his party. They are like the Conservative Republicans in France, who are absolutely malignant against any association with the professed Socialist party. The French Radicals, however, until recently on account of the anti-militarism development, have been tending more and more to enter into working alliance with the Socialists. English Radicals also have tried to establish a working arrangement with the Socialists, and Liberals imagined until the rise of the Labour party that radicalism, radical socialism, and socialism would continue to form the left wing of the Liberal party as it had done from 1832, when the Liberals succeeded the Whigs. One of the greatest surprises the Liberal party has known is the sudden development, under Labour and Socialist influences, of a party of unrest and social and industrial disturbance which would no longer identify itself with the capitalism of the official Liberal party, which clung to its old theories of Church against State and was in opposition to the advanced claims of labour. What is Liberalism to do if it loses this advancing wing that used to answer to the crack of the Liberal whip?

It is idle for Liberals to pretend that they are not losing this important part of their former following. To lose them is a disaster; and to retain them is an embarrassment, as they are an object of aversion and fear to the wealthy middle-class Liberals. So that in proportion as Mr. Asquith, in order to allay the fears of its scribes and pharisees, derides the notion that the Socialists can capture or have captured the Liberal party, in that proportion he will arouse the antipathy of Radical-Socialists and Socialists who have so much in common. He feels the danger, and he tries to make a reconciliation by professing that liberalism has always been socialism though it has not been known by that name, and that accordingly it may still be socialism in the future under the name of liberalism. This is a pretty juggle with words which would have astonished John Bright; and John Bright is not yet dead in the Liberal party. All the socialism that can be attributed to these representatives of Brightism is that they are anti-imperialist and anti-militarist as the Radical-Socialists are. Is this the sense in which Mr. Asquith wishes us to understand that liberalism is synonymous with the socialism that will find it a useful auxiliary? The general impression has been that Mr. Asquith and a certain portion of his colleagues in the Cabinet had enough to do to hold their own against this section of their party and its incongruous allies amongst the Radicals and Socialists. It is an awkward result for Mr. Asquith, this identification of liberalism with socialism.

The probabilities are that the working classes whom he wishes to win for liberalism will not be captured. If they are inclined to radicalism there is a rising and vigorous new party which represents modern radicalism in its most developed form, unshackled by an official Liberal party that is mortally opposed to the most characteristic demands of its programme. This party is the natural home of all aggressive spirits in these days. Liberalism was never socialism as Mr. Asquith says; but those who would once have been Radicals and innovators, acting with the Liberals, now run into the Socialist or Radical-Socialist mould. Socialism is in fact latter-day radicalism: and as the new description is infinitely ambiguous it is exactly what suits the Radical spirit chafing at the



rigidity of official Liberalism. This is the ambiguity Mr. Asquith exploits in the vain hope of convincing our modern Radicals that liberalism pronounces the shibboleth with the proper accent and emphasis. With one exception there is hardly an item in the Liberal programme in which the new Radicals could join, feeling that it expressed their own ideas. The exception is the attack on the House of Lords. It is significant of the anxiety Mr. Asquith shows to suggest a *modus vivendi* between the Government and the party growing in aloofness from it, that this is the subject on which the Government is to concentrate. Yet Mr. Snowden has protested against it as an attempt to put off old-age pensions and other social legislation. Disestablishment is a question on which the Liberals have not been able to arouse the enthusiasm of the working classes. It is essentially an old Liberal idea; and as to education the Liberals are pledged to a nonconformist denominational system, whilst the allies they are courting are in favour of secularism. But it is on the economic side that the Liberals have least wherewith to tempt the new Radicals. Before socialism was bandied about in the street, the trade unions had put land nationalisation on their programme. However hard Liberals try to show that the trade unions are not socialist, they are socialist on this essential point on which a vast deal of the socialist theory depends. It is the first step in that reconstruction of society which Mr. Asquith, with all his elasticity of definition, admits it is impossible for liberalism to tolerate. He denounces it as inimical to liberty, and as introducing the worst despotism the world has ever seen. Well, this may be so or it may not, but Mr. Asquith cannot have it both ways. He cannot seek the alliance of Radicals and Socialists for objects which are within the range of liberalism and then turn round and express abhorrence from their fundamental views. He wants them for free trade, for example; but they may well be doubtful about helping the economic policy of people who express such extreme abhorrence from their own. We have heard Liberal Free-traders express doubt of the fidelity of English working men to free trade because the general drift of working-class thought was in the direction the labour and socialist movement has taken in the Colonies. The basis of alliance between Liberals and the working classes is extremely shaky. Before long there is every probability of many more labour candidates being returned on the condition of acting under the Labour Representation Committee. English Liberalism appears to be following in the steps of liberalism everywhere. It loses the Radical elements it once commanded and becomes a body of sterilised tradition, opposed alike to the aggressive forces of revolution and the forces of Conservatism; the real fight being left to these two.

#### THE DIRECTORS' CASE.

SIR ERNEST PAGET on behalf of the Midland Railway Company, and Lord Claud Hamilton on behalf of the Great Eastern, have published documents which give formal reasons for refusing recognition to railway trade unions. They seem to leave nothing further for other companies to say; and they display all the arguments which are to be used in justifying the directors' position. Only one thing is left unexplained: why all the companies have refused the preliminary conference Mr. Bell requested to explain that he did not intend to interfere with their business. They have made up their minds that whatever Mr. Bell wants must involve interference: and they proceed to state their arguments against his claims as they are determined beforehand to understand them. So that on this point which many people thought might have been conceded without prejudice the Midland and the Great Eastern, and probably the others, remain obstinate.

An important question has been asked: why does a railway company differ so much from many industrial companies and the Post Office that recognition is impossible? Lord Claud Hamilton gives a long list of differences. No one ever disputed that the differences exist, but they are not decisively in favour of the directors, as Lord Claud Hamilton seems to think they

are. He says they are under the Board of Trade, and there is no room for their further control "by any irresponsible body". These were exactly the arguments used by several Postmaster-Generals until recognition was allowed. The impossibility of a government department being controlled by "irresponsible officials" of postmen's unions was assumed as unquestioned—until a change of view took place. When this distinction breaks down, as it does, there is no validity in the difference dwelt on between the business of a railway company and other businesses. It is not more different from coal and cotton than coal and cotton are from each other; and in both trades, highly technical, recognition has been granted for years.

Then there is the question of discipline. Again this was the principal point urged against the Post Office recognition of the postal unions. Before trade unions had won general recognition every business resisted for this very reason; and where any large firm refuses to recognise a union it is always on this precise ground that it defends its action. So that there is nothing special in the objection of the railway companies. It can only have weight if it is urged that where businesses have admitted recognition they are groaning under a despotism. Now we will not deny that very probably it would seem an attractive prospect to some employers not to have to consider trade union representations. Yet it cannot be denied that there is conclusive testimony to the restraining influence that leaders of unions exercise on their members and to their desire to avoid strikes. For instance, in the latest case the men of the Boilermakers' Society would have raised a strike if the executive had not insisted on the second ballot, which resulted in their officials' agreement with the employers being observed. Lord Claud Hamilton gives a curious illustration of what he imagines would be the insolence and arrogance of union officials. He mentions five officials of the Amalgamated Society who had to be dismissed. Well, recognition would not affect the companies' power to enforce discipline by dismissal if the officials were in their employment. The real conclusion of the argument from these examples is that union men are not so disciplined as non-union men, and so men ought in the interest of discipline to be forbidden from belonging to a union. In cases where a union official is a workman, what more is needed than to dismiss him? But what is meant by interference with discipline where the officials are not employed but, like Mr. Bell, are out of the service? No examples are given of the kind of thing which would be interference with matters of discipline. It is merely a general statement. Are hours and conditions of labour included? Whether some classes of servants shall work twelve or fourteen hours a day, for instance, must be a question of discipline: what hours are necessary for the successful working of the business. Yet most employers have now conceded that interference of this kind may be allowed so far that they will consult with the union officials.

But take a case such as that which occurred in the shipbuilding dispute and in many others. One section of workmen has been engaged to do work which another section has claimed as belonging to itself. The latter has struck, thus interfering with the management of the business. But the union officials are recognised, they consult with the masters, and they make satisfactory terms which put an end to the dispute. Men in unions are undoubtedly better equipped for interference, and they will strike. But recognition of the union brings in officials who will take a larger view of the whole conditions than a section of men with their own particular grievances. A trade union leader who has to think of all the men of the union, and the funds they have contributed, is more likely to act as a mediator of peace than as an inciter of strife. He does not want to commit his union to the support of sectional interests. Instead of welcoming a strike as an exhibition of his power, he knows that he stands to lose more than he gains, and after a strike he generally finds himself dispensed with—in blunter language shunted. The companies should really make clear what they mean by interference. Is it with the running of trains, the fixing of freights, the different rates they charge different traders? If so, we have a

class of cases where neither the men nor the officials of their unions would have the right to interfere. Mr. Bell would disclaim any intention of such interference; but as the companies have declined all communication with him they cut themselves off from the understanding and therefore the sympathy of the public and leave opinion inclined rather to Mr. Bell than to themselves.

There is another matter where one sees more clearly the difficulty of the companies. Lord Claud Hamilton gives a long list of various railway unions, and asks if the companies are to have the large number of the officials of these unions constantly in their offices. This is plainly an inconvenience; but it is one of those things which could easily be arranged if the companies were not so determined to keep all the officials at arm's length. Why should the directors throw this objection before the public as insuperable, when they refuse to talk with the two men, Mr. Bell and Mr. Fox, who at least would have suggestions to make? We should then have something more than the mere assertion of the companies by which to judge. This defect vitiates the whole case of the companies. They shroud themselves and the reasons for their decisions in darkness. We judge by Sir Ernest Paget and Lord Claud Hamilton's statements that they are assured both of their judgment and their good intentions. But no man is bound to settle a dispute with his neighbour on that footing. He also has a judgment and conscience; and, as the English law says, no man is to be a judge in his own cause. As there is no legal tribunal to decide between the companies and the unions, the only other tribunal is public opinion. Except by taking the objections we have noticed, which can be answered by reference to experience in other cases, the directors have produced no valid reasons in support of their dogmatic statements that recognition is impossible. They have not proved that they are *sui generis* and entitled to be judged on different grounds from other large employers of labour.

#### THE CITY.

TEN years of "frenzied finance" in America—of cooked accounts, of secret rebates and commissions, and of swindling promotions, have issued in what our neighbours call a "krach". Union Pacifics, which a year ago stood at 188, touched 111 on Wednesday, and are now in the neighbourhood of 115. As these shares received a dividend of 10 per cent. in July, their price reflects the amount of confidence reposed by the American public in Mr. Harriman, the president of the road. Opinion in the City is divided as to whether the trouble is over in New York, or only beginning. Some men believe that in the course of the coming year we shall see Union Pacifics down to 50, and that the next dividend will be passed. Others think that the hour has arrived for buying Americans freely, and maintain that last year's dividends will be continued. We cannot advise our readers to touch Americans, if for no other reason, because the coming year will be devoted to the Presidential election, which always unsettles markets. No one knows as yet whether Mr. Roosevelt is going to stand; and if he does not, who will be the Republican candidate? Is Mr. Bryan to be the only Democratic candidate? or will Mr. Hearst, supported by a section of the Republicans, appear in the lists? It is possible that the threatened financiers might, in their wrath, desert the Republican party, and make terms with Mr. Bryan. Anyway, it is a great blessing that we had a preliminary panic in the American market last spring, as that got rid of the speculators on this side. There is hardly any account open for the rise in Yankees in London, and so the New York crisis finds us calm and indifferent. The strength of the markets generally is quite remarkable. There is dulness, of course, but no weakness. Consols have even been strong, which perhaps means that people are being frightened out of other things into "our premier security". The arrangement between the De Beers and the Premier Diamond companies for the

regulation of output and prices has been signed, but the shares hardly respond. Doubtless American buyers of diamonds will not be quite so plentiful as they have been; but perhaps the despised race of Britons may be in a position to buy a few luxuries some day.

The Lanadron Rubber Estates, Limited, with a capital of £320,000, of which 70,000 shares of £1 are offered to the public, is a company with 10,781 acres in the Sultan of Johore's territory in the Malay Peninsula. Of this total 2,746 acres had been planted with Para rubber trees on 31 August last, and it is estimated that by 31 December 1907 there will be 3,357 acres planted up, which, at an average of 150 trees to the acre, would make a total of 503,550 trees. The purchase price for the estates is £160,000, the valuation ranging, according to the age of the trees, from £190 to £10 per acre. The price and valuation seem quite fair and reasonable: but the estimate of profits strikes us as much exaggerated. The net revenue, with rubber at 5s. a pound, is estimated as follows: 1908, £23,139; 1909, £34,944; 1910, £53,973; 1911, £84,733; 1912, £142,454. It is absurd to calculate on rubber selling at an average of 5s. a pound during the next five years. Picked samples, or the best quality of *Hevea Braziliensis*, will sell at 5s. a pound and over; we do not doubt the statement about "Lanadron Blocks". But we do doubt whether any of the Ceylon and Malay companies average more than 4s. a pound, and this price in the course of the next five years will certainly be reduced to 3s. 6d. or 3s. and probably to 2s. 6d. The cost of producing a pound of rubber is just a fraction over a rupee, say, 1s. 4½d. The cost of production in the Malay Peninsula we are informed is higher, and nearer to 2s. If the market price of rubber should fall to 3s. 6d., there would only be 1s. 6d. a pound profit, which on 100,000 pounds would be £7,500. We should say that, even assuming that the price of rubber is maintained at 5s. a pound for some time to come, the first year's profits of this company will be nearer £15,000 than £23,000. The prospects of the company are undoubtedly good; but it is a great pity that the promoters and directors have not been content to make a conservative estimate of the future. They have tried to make out that the business is not only good but extraordinarily good. The public, who are disposed to buy rubber shares just now, of course know nothing about the profits. It would be regrettable if over-capitalisation and exaggeration of future profits should spoil this market, just as it is beginning to open up, as so many other markets have been spoiled.

An important pending issue is that of 2,000,000 dols. preference stock of the Canadian General Electric Company, bearing the substantial rate of interest of 7 per cent. per annum. The issue is made to redeem existing Preferred stock for 300,000 dols. and for extensions rendered necessary by the rapid growth of the company's business. The company's operating profits last year were equal to six times the amount required to pay the interest on the forthcoming issue. The company and its associated undertakings are stated to have orders in hand for work of the value of 6,000,000 dols.

#### ABOUT ANNUITIES.

A CHARACTERISTIC of most forms of life assurance is that they are calculated to benefit someone else than the person assured. A characteristic of most annuities is that they are likely to benefit the annuitant solely or principally. When a life policy provides for the payment of the sum assured only after death the person assured can get no financial benefit except by surrendering the policy; and even under endowment-assurance, maturing on reaching a fixed age or at death if previous, the welfare of beneficiaries is a prominent feature. Annuities, on the other hand, are mainly selfish investments. Most frequently capital is sunk in the purchase of an immediate annuity which provides an income for the purchaser so long as he lives, with no benefit to anyone else. The most frequent form of life assurance is in effect a bet by the assured that he will die soon, the benefit going to his heirs. The most



usual form of annuities is in effect a bet by the annuitant that he will live long, the benefit going to himself. Yet both assurances and annuities are excellent things in their way and admirably suited to various requirements.

For people in possession of a limited capital and with no one dependent upon them the purchase of an annuity is the best possible way of providing an increased income for life; but this presents certain obvious drawbacks. A man who, on account of the state of his health or because of his family history, is likely to die fairly soon is reluctant to buy an annuity upon ordinary terms, since he may part with a large capital sum and draw his annuity for only a short time. The Royal Exchange Assurance Corporation makes a special feature of such cases, and when a medical examination shows a probability of early death a rate of annuity much larger than usual is paid.

Another method of preventing the purchase of an annuity involving undue loss of capital was introduced by the old Hand-in-Hand, whose disappearance was so generally regretted. Within reason an annuitant could draw an income at any rate per cent. of the purchase-money that he chose, and, in the event of his death within a specified time, dependent upon age and the amount of the annuity in relation to the purchase-price, a return of part of the capital invested would be made to his heirs.

Another scheme of a somewhat similar kind has recently been introduced. The annuitant sinks his capital in the purchase of two things: part of his money buys an annuity for a fixed number of years, payable to himself if he lives and to somebody else if he dies, and the balance of his capital buys a deferred annuity payable to himself only provided he survives a specified term, and this annuity continues for the rest of his life. Under this system the annuity is less than if it had to be paid only during the lifetime of the annuitant, but it has the advantage of preventing any substantial loss of capital should the annuitant die quite soon.

Another form of annuity which has much to recommend it is deferred until the attainment of a certain age. This can be paid for either by a single sum in cash or by annual, half-yearly, or quarterly payments. It is an excellent method of making provision for old age. If the maximum benefit is required in the future, the policy has no surrender value and no part of the premiums paid is returned in the event of death before reaching the age at which the annuity is to commence. By a slight reduction in the ultimate benefit, a payment can be obtained from the insurance company at premature death or on surrender. An exceedingly attractive method of providing a guaranteed income for two or three people, for instance a husband and wife, is a last-survivorship annuity which commences immediately, and continues so long as any one of the annuitants survives.

We have pointed out that life assurance and annuities are in certain respects the exact opposite to one another, but there is at least one way in which they may be combined with great advantage. In many instances a man's chief concern is to provide that after his death there shall be an income for life for his wife or some other beneficiary. Should the man die soon the sum assured under the policy, even if used to buy an annuity on the life of the beneficiary, may yield an unduly small income, owing to the beneficiary being relatively young. Should the person assured and the beneficiary live to an advanced age, the resulting income may be unnecessarily large, partly because the sum assured may be greatly increased by bonuses, and mainly because a given amount of capital would buy a much larger annuity for an old beneficiary than for a young one. Hence it seems to us an admirable plan, if a man's chief concern is to provide for one person in particular, that he should assure, not for a capital sum, but for a life annuity of a fixed amount, payable to a specified beneficiary, commencing at his death and continuing so long as the beneficiary lives.

#### ESSEX.\*

THE possessors of Wright's costly and valuable "History of Essex", to which there were over nine hundred subscribers, will be startled by an assertion in the preface of the first volume of this book that Philip Morant's work, published in 1768, and republished in 1816, is the only complete history of Essex hitherto issued. Thomas Wright, of Trinity College, Cambridge, using Morant's account as a foundation, published in 1836 "The History and Topography of Essex" in two handsome volumes containing between seven and eight hundred thousand words, and over a hundred beautiful engravings from original drawings, executed specially for the publication. Nevertheless Wright's History must be incomplete by comparison with the Victoria History, of which the first half, in two volumes already issued, nearly equals in length the ignored publication.

The advantages of the new over the old system are apparent at a glance through these handsome and logically arranged volumes. No one scholar, however careful, industrious and learned, could have dealt satisfactorily with the numberless studies involved in their compilation. One or two men wrote the history of a county a hundred years ago. In the compilation of the Victoria History hundreds have been employed, and scholars working in association with local experts have succeeded in producing a work which, so far as we know, is unrivalled.

The story of the county is told from the earliest times, beginning with its natural features; then come the antiquities, followed by a critical study of the Domesday Survey. The second volume contains articles on Ecclesiastical, Political, Maritime, Social and Economic History, succeeded by a hundred and fifty interesting pages on Industries decayed and flourishing at the present date. The sixty pages which follow with an account of Schools must be a delight to those interested in the education of the past and future generations. The narratives of "Sport Ancient and Modern" have been written by local sportsmen, and will give pleasure to many "out-of-doors men"; while the concluding, perhaps too short, chapter on Forestry will be read not only by those interested in the past, but by benefactors of the poor in the present day, who realise the advantages of preserving open spaces for recreation. Every class of reader, indeed, who can get access to the "Victoria History of Essex" will enjoy entertainment and instruction from its pages, and students will find reference to their particular interests made easy by the subjects being divided up, for each chapter is in chronological sequence.

Essex men who know their county will not endorse a sentence in the opening page of the article "Geology": "Although the county is essentially a flat one", for High Beech, near Epping, is seven hundred and sixty feet above the sea. In the neighbourhood of Brentwood, Dagenham Park, Epping, Havering, South Weald, Thorndon and Warley there are grandly timbered undulations, offering a variety of prospects of hill and dale, exceedingly beautiful in the foreground, and affording distant pictures which give continuous pleasure to a lover of scenery; while the view from Laindon Hills, six hundred and twenty feet above the sea, is one of the finest in England. To the east stands London, twenty-five miles distant; seven miles south is Tilbury Fort, with ships passing in view on the Thames between Woolwich and the Nore, and to the south-east twenty miles off is seen the twisting Medway.

The maps are good specimens of cartography, and will attract students of geology, botany and ancient history, all of which are represented in six separate sheets. The account of ancient earthworks is clear, and readers with limited time will find much satisfaction in that, after full explanation for the conclusions, a definite opinion is enumerated as to the probable dates and builders of these remarkable proofs of engineering skill and sustained energy for labour. The conclusion that the "Deneholes" in Hangman's Wood, on Sir Thomas Lennard's Belhus estate near

\* "The Victoria History of Essex." Edited by H. Arthur Doubleday and William Page F.S.A. Volumes I. and II. 31s. 6d. each.

Orsett, were dug for storage of grain, disposes of a question which has excited much controversy, and has the merit of simplicity and probability.

The subscribers to the fund successfully collected within the last few weeks to endow a bishopric for Essex may be interested to learn under the heading "Anglo-Saxon Remains" that the kingdom of Essex in the early Christian times formed a diocese. This chapter on ancient earthworks deals with sepulchral pottery found at Bloomfield, near Chelmsford. There are ornaments of gold and other metals depicted, which are the more remarkable from the entire absence of any sign of human remains being discovered in the same place. In the study of Domesday Survey it is made clear by the difference of assessments in Essex from those in Norfolk and Suffolk that Essex was not Anglian but Saxonland. It is also shown how the names of great nobles who accompanied the Conqueror from Normandy are commemorated to-day in villages—as Laver de la Hay—and how Hosden's farm in Great Maplestead belonged to Hugh de Hosdenc. Those interested in questions of derivations of names will find many pages of learned arguments impartially stated.

The opening chapter of the second volume, on Ecclesiastical History, shows that, although Sabert the pagan King of the East Saxons (Essex) was converted by Mellitus, who was appointed by S. Augustine A.D. 604 to be Bishop of London, yet Sabert's sons on their father's death drove out Mellitus; and when they were killed, Mellitus, failing to get back to London, the capital of Essex, had to reside at Canterbury.

Although it is apparent that Domesday Survey took account of the clergy only as holders of land, yet the church at High Easter is mentioned in the description of the manor, as are S. Peter's at Colchester, and the church in the adjoining village of Greensted, and the compilers of the History are satisfied that there were churches all over Essex two hundred years before the Conquest.

In the muniments of S. Paul's the copies of the leases of the manors held by the Dean and Chapter A.D. 1291 show that the tenant of the manor farmed also the rectory, putting in a priest removable at pleasure, and as these manors were in the peculiar jurisdiction of the Chapter, the Bishop could not prevent such abuses.

The collection of "the Rome penny" or Peterspence, A.D. 1180, shows curious diversity of practice—the vicar collecting at Heybridge, the rector at Belchamp, and the farmer at Chingford. Its amount, payable by heads of households, varied according to population; taking the commutation of ten parishes, five paid 16d., two paid 10d., two 6d., and Navestock 36d. It must be remembered that the purchasing power of money was twenty-four times as great as it is at present.

The peculiar arrangements for the income of rectors and vicars in the opening pages of this chapter, Ecclesiastical History, will interest more than the clergy. In the county there are ten instances of benefices being divided between rector and vicar, both formally instituted. As religious zeal declined abuses crept into the daily life of the Church. When Henry VIII. was despoiling it he sent Commissioners who were "to take into the king's hands such Church plate as remaineth to be employed unto his Highness' use". The King had need of "a masse of mooney", and the gold plate was melted down into wedges for sale. The Commissioners were instructed to leave a minimum sufficient for use in the church, but they always selected the more valuable for confiscation. The King was not the only despoiler; he had imitators. Sir William Stafford, owner of many acres in the south of the county, carried off the bells of five churches. He, however, used the proceeds of the sale of the bells of Foulness to repair the seawalls of that island.

The Council of Henry VIII. had much trouble with opposing currents of religious thought in Essex, for while at Coggeshall, in the east of the county, Puritanical people met at Bocking-by-Braintree to consider the propriety of certain ritualistic customs, the Princess Mary at Copthall, Epping, in the west, flouted the King's commands to abandon the Roman rites, declaring her readiness to die for her religion. She was not hurt, but her officers were sent to the Tower. When

she succeeded to the throne she speedily made her zeal for Holy Church felt, and the Puritans in the east of the county were among the first to suffer.

Queen Elizabeth's inquisitions in Essex were generally on contravention of laws, but in 1598 Widow Wiseman, of Great Waltham, near Chelmsford, sentenced to be "pressed to death" ("la peine forte et dure") for refusing to plead when indicted for priest harbouring, though the priest was executed, had her sentence mitigated to confinement in "a more loathsome prison". A lady at York had undergone this terrible death a few years earlier, but the Council thought Londoners might object to such horrors. Mr. John Newton, senior, of Great Totham, was "presented" because he would sit next to Mrs. Nevile in church, and not where the churchwardens directed him to go. There are many similar curious instances of "interference" with the liberty of the subject, but the writer of this notice when a little boy often saw on Sundays the parish clerk walk round the church ten minutes after the sermon was begun, and awake with a long wand the sleepers of the congregation, mostly labourers dressed in long smocks.

The chapter on Religious Houses will repay study, especially by those who are interested in Church questions. Perhaps the foundation of Takeley Priory attracts the writer of this notice most of all, because it was a votive offering to S. Valery. William's fleet was at the mouth of the Somme for a fortnight waiting for a fair wind to sail over and conquer England. The monks brought out the saint's shrine in a procession. The south wind blew, and William acknowledged his gratitude for the intercession by founding Takeley Priory.

The Political History chapter will probably attract more readers than other parts. After the Peasants' Rebellion in 1381 the county remained so disturbed that justice could not be executed within its bounds, and Walworth, Lord Mayor of London (whose dagger with which he killed Wat Tyler is preserved in Fishmongers' Hall), was appointed chief of a commission to try malefactors, nineteen of whom were hanged on one gallows.

In the chapter on Maritime History we read of the importance of Harwich in wars with our neighbours across the North Sea, and how naval victories attracted the young men to a seafaring life.

In "Social and Economic History" there is much information. It is shown how the Black Death of 1349 improved the labourers' position by reducing the supply of men. The suppression in 1536 of twelve large monastic bodies which acted as relievers of the poor caused great distress amongst the population, for the value of the properties went to swell the coffers of the King and his friends. In Colchester the first poor-house was built in 1594, and in 1700 an increase in the poor rate had become general on the east side of the county. "Industries" gives a clear description of what Essex toilers did and are doing now. There is a well-written account of the oyster fisheries on the Colne. The accounts of the packs of foxhounds on the east and west side of the county are sufficient, but that of the country south of the London-Colchester railway is merely sketched, probably from the fact of there being no contributor from the hunt district which generally carries a better scent than the more popular "Essex" country.

If the two remaining volumes come up to those now noticed, Essex men will have good reason for rejoicing in the Victoria History of the county.

EVELYN WOOD.

#### COMÉDIES DE MÉNANDRE NOUVELLEMENT DÉCOUVERTES EN ÉGYPTES.\*

PARMI les poètes du théâtre grec, Ménandre avait jusqu'ici cette fortune étrange d'être à la fois un des plus célèbres et un des moins connus. Il suffisait de posséder une culture littéraire modeste pour ne pas

\* "Fragments d'un manuscrit de Ménandre, découverts et publiés par M. Gustave Lefebvre." 1 vol. in-8<sup>vo</sup>. Le Caire: Imprimerie de l'Institut français d'Archéologie orientale, 1907. E. Leroux, 28 rue Bonaparte, Paris.



ignorer qu'il avait été le représentant très illustre de la comédie athénienne au IV<sup>e</sup> siècle et que sa réputation, après sa mort, avait même effacé celle de ses rivaux. Quintilien a donné en quelques lignes une appréciation de ses mérites, qui est bien connue. On en citait particulièrement ce trait frappant : "Son théâtre, c'est l'image complète de la vie", "Omne vitæ imaginem expressit" (x. 1. 69-72). Mais, à vrai dire, personne ne pouvait plus guère contrôler cet éloge. La fidélité plus ou moins grande des imitations de Plaute et de Térence prêtait en effet à discussion. Quant aux fragments de ses comédies, ils se réduisaient, il y a une quinzaine d'années encore, à un certain nombre de morceaux d'anthologie et à quelques centaines de vers isolés. On connaissait bien les titres de presque toutes ses pièces, mais ni un acte, ni une scène, ni même un morceau de dialogue de quelque étendue. Depuis peu de temps, il est vrai, quelques lambeaux de papyrus, découverts en Égypte, avaient ajouté certains éléments nouveaux à ces maigres connaissances. C'était encore bien peu de chose. Il a fallu une trouvaille inespérée pour nous rendre enfin l'impression vive et directe de son génie. Elle est due au Service des Antiquités si habilement dirigé par M. Maspero au nom du gouvernement Khédivial. Un des Inspecteurs en chef de ce service, M. Gustave Lefebvre, a eu la bonne fortune de découvrir à Kôm-Ishkaou, dans la moyenne Égypte, sous les ruines d'une maison ancienne, dix-sept feuillets de papyrus, contenant d'importantes parties de quatre comédies du charmant poète athénien. Après les avoir déchiffrés, il vient de les publier en un beau volume, qui fait honneur à sa science de paléographe et de philologue.

Ces quatre comédies sont "le Héros", "l'Arbitrage", "la Femme aux cheveux coupés", "la Samienne". Ce n'est pas ici le lieu d'analyser ce qui a été retrouvé de chacune d'elles ni de dire en détail ce qui en manque encore ou ce qu'on en peut conjecturer. Le seul objet de cette courte notice doit être de faire apprécier, en partie au moins, l'importance de la découverte, en montrant rapidement quelques uns des aspects les plus intéressants sous lesquels nous apparaît un poète si mal connu hier encore.

On sait que les sujets traités par Ménandre et les autres poètes de la Comédie nouvelle se rapportent généralement à un type convenu, qui devait son origine à la tragédie. Les éléments les plus ordinaires en sont fort étrangers à nos mœurs. Probablement, ils ne l'étaient guère moins à celles d'Athènes. Ce sont des violences faites à des jeunes filles libres, des naissances clandestines, des enfants abandonnés qui retrouvent leurs parents, des reconnaissances fortuites, et autres aventures de ce genre, plus ou moins exceptionnelles et invraisemblables. Ménandre a subi ce genre de convention théâtrale, à Athènes, comme Molière l'a subi en France plus d'une fois. Mais nous soupçonnions déjà, et nous voyons plus clairement par les fragments nouveaux, qu'il a su, comme Molière, construire, sur un type traditionnel, des pièces vraiment neuves, soit par des inventions à lui, soit en traitant l'aventure fondamentale comme un simple prétexte, pour s'attacher surtout à la peinture des mœurs, des caractères et des sentiments. Le mérite propre de son théâtre consistait dans la vérité exquise et vivante de la représentation morale, que d'heureuses péripéties variaient à l'infini.

Les nouvelles pièces manifestent de la façon la plus intéressante ce mérite. Nous y voyons figurer des personnages fort divers : esclaves, paysans, Athéniens de condition moyenne, soldats mercenaires, jeunes gens amoureux, femmes et jeunes filles libres, courtisanes et joueuses de luth, vieillards, etc. Or chacun d'eux s'y montre avec sa physionomie propre, qui se modifie selon les circonstances, sans cesser d'être elle-même. C'est la confirmation la plus décisive du jugement de Quintilien : "Il a su trouver pour chaque situation, chaque personnage, chaque sentiment, le ton qui convient". "Ita est omnibus rebus, personis, affectibus accommodatus" (x. 1. 69).

Donnons en un exemple. La scène d'où la comédie de "l'Arbitrage" tire son nom nous met sous les yeux deux personnages rustiques, un berger, Daos, et un charbonnier, Syriskos. Ils se disputent au sujet d'un enfant trouvé. Daos l'a découvert et recueilli le premier, espérant en tirer profit. Puis, se ravisant,

et sollicité d'ailleurs par Syriskos, il le lui a cédé. Seulement, il a eu soin de garder les bijoux que l'enfant portait sur lui. Syriskos, informé, les réclame. Un passant est pris pour arbitre. Tour à tour, ils plaident leur cause. Les deux discours sont des chefs d'œuvre de vie, de naturel, d'invention narrative et dialectique, de sentiment. Le berger Daos raconte, en vrai paysan, sa découverte, ses réflexions, sa rencontre avec Syriskos ; il coupe son récit par d'amusantes parenthèses. L'autre l'interrompt ; l'arbitre se fâche et menace. On croirait assister à la scène elle-même.

"DAOS . . . Dans le taillis, près d'ici, je gardais mes bêtes, il y a environ trente jours, tout seul ; quand j'aperçus à terre un enfant abandonné, tout petit, avec un collier et d'autres objets de parure. . . .

SYRISKOS *interrompant*. Oui, voilà justement à propos de quoi on se dispute.

DAOS. Ah ! il ne me laisse pas parler !

L'ARBITRE à Syriskos. Toi, si tu ne tiens pas ta langue pendant qu'il parle, je te caresserai le dos avec ce bâton.

DAOS. Très bien.

L'ARBITRE à Daos. Et toi, continue.

DAOS. Je continue. Je relevai l'enfant et je l'emportai chez moi. Je me proposais de l'élever. Oui, c'était alors mon intention. Puis, pendant la nuit, voilà que, comme il arrive à tout le monde, je tenais conseil avec moi-même, et je faisais mes calculs : "Vraiment, quel besoin d'élever un enfant et de me créer des ennuis ? Où prendrai-je tout l'argent qu'il va falloir déboursier ? A quoi bon tant de soucis ?" C'était là ce que je me disais. Le lendemain matin, de nouveau, je gardais mes bêtes. Justement alors cet homme que voici, — il faut te dire qu'il est charbonnier, — s'en vint là où j'étais, pour scier quelques rondins. Déjà auparavant, on se connaissait un peu, on faisait la conversation ensemble. Quand il me vit tout soucieux : "Pourquoi, dit-il, cet air préoccupé ?" — "Pourquoi ? lui dis-je. Eh ! c'est que je suis dans l'embarras." Et je lui raconte l'affaire, comment j'avais trouvé l'enfant, comment je l'avais recueilli. Là-dessus, lui, immédiatement, sans même me laisser achever, se mettait à me prier : "Mille bonheurs pour toi, Daos," — et il m'énumérait tous ces bonheurs, — "si tu veux bien me céder cet enfant. A ce prix, puisses-tu réussir, puisses-tu obtenir ta liberté ! Voistu", ajoutait-il, "j'ai une femme : elle a mis au monde un enfant, qui est mort . . ." La femme dont il parlait, c'est celle que tu vois ici, qui porte l'enfant.

L'ARBITRE à Syriskos. Est-il vrai, Syriskos, que tu l'aies ainsi prié ?

SYRISKOS. Je l'ai fait.

DAOS. Tout le long du jour, il ne cessa de m'obséder. A force d'instances, il me persuada. Je lui promis l'enfant ; je le lui donnai. Il s'en alla, non sans renouveler ses souhaits. Il me prenait même les mains et les baisait.

L'ARBITRE à Syriskos. Tu faisais ce qu'il dit ?

SYRISKOS. Je le faisais.

DAOS. Il s'éloigna enfin avec sa femme . . .

La scène continue. Elle est exquise d'un bout à l'autre. Daos tire brièvement les conclusions des faits qu'il vient de raconter. Pour lui, le droit de trouvaille est absolu. Rien ne l'empêchait de garder l'enfant et les bijoux. S'il a cédé l'enfant, c'est de son plein gré. Il est prêt à le reprendre, dans le cas où Syriskos n'en voudrait plus. Mais abandonner le tout, cela ne se peut pas. Logique simple d'un homme qui, ayant uniquement en vue son profit, entend bien le revendiquer jusqu'au bout, sans aucun souci d'ailleurs de l'intérêt de l'enfant. Son adversaire est tout autre. Egalement rustique de ton et de manières, c'est un homme de cœur. Celui-là aime l'enfant. Et s'il réclame les bijoux, c'est d'abord parce qu'ils constituent toute la fortune de ce petit être dénué, et c'est ensuite parce qu'ils peuvent servir un jour à le faire reconnaître. Voilà ce qu'il soutient dans un discours plein de chaleur et de générosité. Ménandre a su le faire éloquent, mais d'une éloquence naïve et populaire. Les pensées qu'il lui a prêtées n'ont rien de subtil. Sa dialectique est spontanée et sans artifice. Il gagne sa cause comme il devait la gagner, par la force de sa conviction et de son honnêteté.

Ce seul exemple définit et caractérise suffisamment la manière dont Ménandre a su représenter les gens de

petite condition. Il était intéressant de montrer comment l'élégant citadin, l'amant de Glycère, le voluptueux ami d'Epicure, avait compris et peint les sentiments des humbles dans leur naïveté. On peut voir, dans les autres fragments, plusieurs scènes où des personnages de conditions différentes parlent et agissent avec non moins de finesse et de naturel. Ne voulant pas multiplier ces exemples, j'aime mieux insister un instant sur un trait plus nouveau, qui est la peinture des émotions vives ou des passions.

César, comme on le sait, appelait Tércence un "demi-Ménandre". Il regretta qu'il eût manqué de force :

Lenibus atque utinam dictis adjuncta foret vis !

Cela donnait à penser que cette qualité était justement, d'après lui, celle qui faisait la supériorité du poète grec. Conclusion que les nouveaux fragments justifient complètement.

La comédie de Ménandre est une comédie où l'on se met souvent et sérieusement en colère. Et les colères de ses personnages ne sont pas de ces demi-colères, discrètes, comme on en voit chez Tércence. Quand celui-ci les imite, il les atténue. Chez son modèle, au contraire, elles éclatent terriblement. C'est une fureur, qui se traduit en cris, en injures, en menaces, en gestes forcenés et en actes. La "Femme aux cheveux coupés" devait son titre à une première scène, non retrouvée encore, il est vrai, mais mieux connue toutefois aujourd'hui par diverses allusions. On y voyait le soldat Polémon, dans un accès de jalousie, entraîner brutalement Glycère pour couper les beaux cheveux dont elle était fière. Dans la "Samienne", voici en quels termes un cuisinier épouvanté représente l'emportement du maître de la maison, Déméas, qui se croit trahi à la fois par la femme avec laquelle il vit et par son propre fils, Moschion :

"Par Héraklès ! qu'est-ce à dire ? Il s'est enfin comme un fou dans la maison. Qu'est-ce donc que ce vieillard-là ? . . . Par Poséidon, il a perdu le sens, voilà mon idée. Tenez, il pousse des cris à faire trembler. Ce serait, ma foi, un joli coup s'il brisait mes plats et mes assiettes qui sont étalés là-dedans et s'il les réduisait en miettes. Bon, il fait claquer la porte . . . Je vais me mettre à l'abri".

Un peu plus loin, ce même Déméas, mieux instruit et calmé, tremble à la pensée de voir surgir devant lui son voisin, Nikératos, qui vient d'apprendre que sa fille a été séduite et mise à mal par le même Moschion. Du dehors, il entend les cris de fureur que le père exaspéré pousse dans sa maison.

"Héraklès ! quelles vociférations ! Voilà bien à quoi je m'attendais. Il crie qu'on lui donne du feu. Il déclare qu'il va étrangler l'enfant de ses propres mains, qu'il le brûlera, qu'il le fera cuire et le fera manger à mon fils. Ah ! il fait claquer la porte. C'est un tourbillon, c'est une trombe, ce n'est pas un homme".

Voilà des pères de famille qui n'ont rien, comme on le voit, de la gravité romaine. Quand la passion les saisit, ils sont comme fous. Et Ménandre ne se contente pas de décrire cette folie : il nous la montre en action. Nous voyons son Déméas, dans un emportement brutal, jeter à la rue la Samienne Chrysis, en l'injuriant grossièrement. Nous voyons Nikératos, armé, poursuivre la même femme, qu'il veut tuer sur place. Cette franchise hardie, qui ne reculait pas devant la reproduction la plus vive de la réalité, est un des traits caractéristiques du théâtre grec.

Ajoutons que ces éclats de passion semblent s'associer toujours chez Ménandre à un conflit de sentiments intimes qui leur prête une haute valeur psychologique. Ceci apparaît dans plusieurs passages des fragments nouveaux. Un des exemples les plus intéressants qu'on en puisse citer est celui de Charisios dans "l'Arbitrage". Ayant fait violence dans une fête nocturne à la jeune Pamphilé, il l'a épousée peu après sans la reconnaître et sans être reconnu par elle. Bientôt, Pamphilé a mis au monde l'enfant qui est le fruit de la violence de Charisios. Pour dissimuler son déshonneur involontaire, elle l'a fait exposer. Mais l'esclave Onésimos a surpris son secret et le révèle à Charisios. Nous ignorons si celui-ci provoquait ou recevait quelque explication de la femme qu'il avait aimée jusque-là. Toujours est-il que, sans la renvoyer, sans l'accuser publiquement, il se détachait d'elle et la traitait avec dureté. Mais son amour persistait malgré sa volonté.

En vain, pour s'étourdir, il prenait chez lui une joueuse de luth, Habrotonon, et essayait, en sa compagnie, de mener joyeuse vie. Son cœur restait secrètement fidèle à celle qu'il affectait d'oublier. A la fin même, venant à apprendre par hasard que Pamphilé, malgré son humiliation, lui demeurait profondément attachée et que, pressée par son propre père de se séparer de lui, elle s'y refusait, il était saisi tout à coup du sentiment de ses torts envers elle. Remords d'autant plus vif que les conséquences de sa faute à lui ne lui étaient plus inconnues, bien qu'il se méprît encore sur sa victime. Ce repentir soulevait alors dans son âme un véritable orage. On va voir avec quelle force le poète avait su en peindre l'explosion et les phases. Il en a mis la description pathétique dans la bouche de l'esclave qui avait été cause de tout le mal en trahissant le secret de Pamphilé.

"Onésimos sortant tout effaré de chez son maître. Il déraisonne, par Apollon ! il est fou. Oui, plus de doute, il a perdu la tête. C'est un accès de démence, par les dieux. Je parle de mon maître, de Charisios. Une humeur noire s'est emparée de lui ou quelque mal de ce genre. Tout à l'heure, il était là, près de la porte, en dedans. Il y est resté un bon moment, passant la tête de temps en temps et regardant de tous côtés. Justement, le père de la jeune femme s'entretenait avec elle : il parlait de l'enfant, j'en suis sûr. Lui, tout à coup, change de visage, à un point que je ne saurais dire. 'O bonne et charmante femme, criait-il. Quel langage tu tiens !' Et il se frappait la tête avec violence. Puis, plus rien. Et de nouveau : 'Quelle femme j'ai épousée ! Et que j'ai été malheureux !' A la fin, lorsqu'il eut tout entendu, il s'en alla dans l'intérieur. Et là, il rugissait, il s'arrachait les cheveux, tout hors de lui. 'Misérable ! quel misérable je suis !' s'écriait-il à tout moment. 'Ai-je bien pu me conduire ainsi ? Quoi ! je suis moi-même père d'un bâtard et je n'ai ni indulgence ni pardon pour elle, victime d'un même malheur ! Je suis donc un barbare, sans cœur !' Il s'injurait ainsi dans sa maison, tant qu'il pouvait. Il est en fureur, les yeux injectés de sang. J'en ai le frisson, je sèche de peur. Car, en cet état, s'il m'aperçoit, moi qui ai fait sur elle ce mauvais rapport, c'en est fait de moi. Ah ! il a fait claquer la porte, il sort. Zeus sauveur, si tu en as le pouvoir, sauve-moi !"

Charisios, à ce moment, s'élance hors de chez lui, tel que vient de le dépendre son esclave, et nous entendons le commencement d'un monologue passionné, dont la suite malheureusement nous manque. Son premier emportement est un peu calmé, mais non son repentir, qui l'étreint. Par le spectacle de sa douleur le poète préparait les spectateurs à celui de la joie soudaine qui devait le saisir, lorsque la vérité entière lui serait révélée.

Ce n'est pas en quelques lignes, évidemment, qu'on peut rendre compte de tant de choses si intéressantes. Il faut lire les fragments nouveaux dans leur entier pour connaître et apprécier le poète qui a su mettre dans la comédie tant de qualités diverses ; poète à la fois exquis et puissant, doué au plus haut degré du sentiment de la vie et du pouvoir de la manifester par des créations dramatiques, également heureux comme peintre des mœurs et comme interprète de la passion. Ce qu'on nous disait de lui se trouve exact, et en ce sens, nous n'apprenons peut-être rien de très nouveau sur son compte. Seulement, ce que nous savions par oui-dire, et ce que nous répétions de confiance, nous le sentons maintenant par nous-mêmes.

MAURICE CROISSET.

#### MR. VEDRENNE.

I DO not remember exactly how many years ago, and at which of the suburban theatres, "The Devil's Disciple" was produced by Mr. Murray Carson. But I have clear recollection of a very happy evening—of two such evenings, indeed, for I could not resist a second visit. And last Tuesday evening I saw the same play at the Savoy Theatre. Yet I am not impatient to see it again. What is wrong with me ? I am not blasé. Nor has the play grown old-fashioned.



Reading it, I find it as fresh as ever—as witty a comedy, as vigorous a melodrama, as wayward and jolly an ebullition of Mr. Shaw's peculiar genius. Seeing it, I nearly slept. Mr. Granville Barker is the very last person of whom I should wish to speak lightly. I have a very keen admiration for him as playwright, and am at this moment angry at the prospect of not seeing "Waste" acted, and am disgusted by the wretched exhibition which nearly all the other managers have just been making of themselves in regard to the censorship. As a stage-manager and "producer" of modern plays, Mr. Barker has, in my eyes, no rival. At the Court Theatre, he laid me under a long series of obligations, which I shall never forget. How perfectly those plays were cast, and how well the mimes were made to act in unison! How meticulously were all the flats "jined", so that we were never conscious of the stage-management, and had only the smooth illusion of life! I find myself distracted between my sense of the fact that the production of "The Devil's Disciple" is a thoroughly bad one and my distaste for decrying anything done by Mr. Barker.

Luckily, Mr. Barker has, like Mr. Spenlow, a partner. Yes, hurrah, I am convinced that "The Devil's Disciple" was cast and stage-managed by Mr. Vedrenne alone.

The worst fault of the production is its general effect of dulness and lassitude; and this effect is undoubtedly due to the funereal and appalling slowness with which the author's words are delivered. English audiences may not be very quick-witted; but the meanings of dialogue can be caught well enough by us if they are expressively delivered. We do not need a snail's pace in delivery. On the contrary, it does but cause our attention to wander. The mimes in "The Devil's Disciple" are of various ages and schools, and they act in various keys, with no effect of unity except in this one particular: they have all agreed to emulate the snail. Mr. Matheson Lang plays Richard Dudgeon, and is the one person in the cast who has been rightly selected, and who seems to enter into the spirit of his part. His performance is virile and intellectual, and he gives us the very man that Dick Dudgeon was, in every detail, except the all-important detail of pace. He talks as deliberately as his colleagues, and thus gives the impression of a judicial slowness which cannot be reconciled with recklessness and dare-devilry. Anthony Anderson, the parson, is a thoroughly live character, and as such was played, in Mr. Carson's production, by Mr. Macklin. Mr. Rann Kennedy reduces him to the level of a dull melodramatic automaton. Stagey, too, is Miss Bateman as Mrs. Dudgeon. Doubtless, Mrs. Dudgeon was a frightening person, but her way of being terrific was not Sarah Siddons' way, not the way of Miss Bateman, who seems to be ever clutching the dagger in one hand and the bowl in the other. Miss Bateman is a fine actress in high tragedy, but "The Devil's Disciple" is not pitched in that key. Of course, no amount of suasion from Mr. Vedrenne during rehearsals could have appreciably altered Miss Bateman's inveterate method. But Mr. Vedrenne could, at least, have saved this distinguished actress from making havoc of her exit at the end of the first act. "My curse on you! My dying curse!" says Mrs. Dudgeon to her son, "with her hand on her heart", according to the stage directions, "as if she had received her death-blow". Miss Bateman delivers this speech, not as the parting shot of hatred and mean disappointment, but as the heart-cry of a sweet, gentle, tortured lady who is nigh unto the valley of the shadow. She makes, in fact, a direct appeal for sympathy—a little sympathy to reward her for all the trouble she has been taking to make our blood run cold. And she gets the sympathy, right enough. This absurdity is all the more damaging to the play's balance because, when Dick retorts "It will bring me luck. Ha, ha, ha!" we see in him a monster of filial iniquity. Decidedly, Mr. Vedrenne should have put his foot down. I did not notice any point at which he could have improved Miss Wynne Matthison's playing of Judith Anderson. He could not have made her harmonise with the high tragedy of Miss Bateman, or with the conventional melodrama of Mr. Kennedy, or (such is the gallimaufry of manners) with the

farcical clowning provided by certain other members of the cast. Miss Wynne Matthison is a wholly modern actress, and may be trusted never to force the note. The only trouble with her is that she cannot be trusted to strike the note. Judith Anderson is a highly emotional person, and that is just the kind of person whom Miss Wynne Matthison cannot suggest to us, and could not suggest to us if she were coached to eternity by a far more experienced stage-manager than Mr. Vedrenne. Chance after fine chance of implicit or explicit emotion she lets slip, throughout the play; and her evident earnestness, our knowledge that she is doing her best not ungracefully, is scant solace for Mr. Vedrenne's initial error in casting her for the part. I daresay that Miss Marjorie Day, who plays the part of the frightened child, Essie, is also doing her best, according to her lights. But these lights are dim. It was Mr. Vedrenne's business to illuminate the young lady. Essie is Cinderella translated into terms of reality; and Miss Day translates her industriously back into terms of Christmas pantomime. Her performance is well symbolised by her clothes—or rather by her costume. Essie was in rags. Miss Day wears a neat costume of brand-new bright brown cloth, with scollops round the hem to suggest abjection, in the traditional manner. And, when she comes on an errand to the parson's house, the prettiness of the confection is coquettishly accentuated by a cap of scarlet silk, so that she looks just as though she were going to a fancy-dress ball as Esmeralda. Surely Mr. Vedrenne, by the exercise of a little tact combined with firmness, might have prevented this charming spectacle. He could not have instilled into Mr. James Annand, as Christopher Dudgeon, that talent for imaginative comedy which delighted me in Mr. Wills' performance of the part. But he might have curbed the excesses in which Mr. Annand indulges at inopportune moments, distracting the audience with violent by-play when important scenes are being enacted in the centre of the stage. To suppress that kind of zeal is surely one of the first, simplest, and most sacred duties of a stage-manager. Mr. Kenyon Musgrave, as the Sergeant, is another instance of Mr. Vedrenne's good-natured willingness to let mimes run wild in vengeance for having been cast for small parts. The Sergeant has no business to roll his eyes and inflate his paunch comically when he calls for silence in the court-room. The scene is in itself an intensely amusing one, and needs no foisting-in of crude funniments. Major Swindon is quite a real character, a brave and well-meaning gentleman, ridiculous only because he is stupid. Mr. Arnold Lucy's comic make-up and comic voice are quite inappropriate, therefore, and do much to mar the intrinsic fun of the part. Mr. Vedrenne seeks to undo by his acting what he omitted to undo as stage-manager. By playing General Burgoyne in the faintest, saddest of minor keys, he seeks to redress the balance displaced by Mr. Lucy as the Major. I am aware that in the programme Mr. Barker is named as playing General Burgoyne; and, as an odd coincidence with this printer's error, Mr. Vedrenne's make-up and voice are such as might almost lead one to mistake him for Mr. Barker, who, of course, would never have dreamed of accepting a part so distinctly outside the range of his own talent. General Burgoyne was a dashing soldier, with a wit nourished on copious potations of port. He was not the chaplain of his own regiment, as we should, if Mr. Vedrenne's interpretation were all we had to go on, probably presume him to have been. I have an ineffaceable memory of Mr. Luigi Lablache's interpretation. What fulness, what elegant variety of lightness, was there! I remember the picture he conjured up, and the roar of laughter he won, when he spoke of "my friend Swindon in a black cap". There was no picture, no laugh, when Mr. Vedrenne enunciated the words in the course of his plaintive monotone. There was no laugh, there seemed to be no point, when the General, inviting Dick to lunch after the scaffold scene, said "Bring Mrs. Anderson, if she will be so good". The plaintive monotone was fatal, throughout, to one of the most delicious parts ever written in comedy. I have sometimes heard Mr. Granville Barker let his voice degenerate into just such a monotone (though usually he is alert and various). It is evidently from him that

Mr. Vedrenne has caught the trick. I do urge Mr. Vedrenne to abandon it.

Mr. Hubert Henry Davies' new comedy is too good to be dismissed at the end of an article. I will write about it next week.

MAX BEERBOHM.

#### PAINTERS YOUNG AND OLD.

MANY of us, as children, have invented a dream-country of our own, and created for it a fantastic population. We have wasted long hours in living its romances, or guiding the adventures of its heroes. Into that dream-scenery could be collected and prodigally lavished all the special forms and colours that delighted us in the world of reality; certain chosen flowers that had meant a moment's thrilling realisation of beauty; sudden prospects of bewitching country; sunlight among the leaves or on old walls; the shadowy effects, the kind of clouds, the tint of sky, that moved us more than any, and no others. There have been painters who have fostered such dream-places in thought and resorted to them on canvas. Mr. Alison Martin, a young artist who is exhibiting "Idylls and Landscapes" at Mr. Baillie's Gallery in Baker Street, is of their company. Perhaps we should not be wrong in surmising that he is still in a state of luxurious hesitation; not finally decided as to what features shall be admitted into the Paradise of reverie, or what forms shall be chosen to people it. He is sure that he is in love with romance. He has painted a scene from "Christabel"—a forest scene. Sometimes it is the romance of the classics, the world of Oread and Hamadryad, that captivates him; and now it is a still remoter world, quite out of time, where ladies in flashing gorgeousness of dress pace in radiant glades of sombre parks, or listen to music in gardens of fabulous castles, or gather on green knolls in the broken lights of sunset. It did not need the title "A Souvenir of Monticelli" on one of his pictures to remind us what predecessor had enchanted Mr. Martin's imagination most. In these days, when the old custom of apprenticeship has fallen into disuse, it is a wholesome instinct probably that sets a young painter to choose some idolised master and serve a voluntary term with his works, even if he cannot profit by his presence. "Playing the sedulous ape" to one master and another is no bad way, as Stevenson found, to form a style of one's own. Mr. Martin catches the Monticelli style to a marvel, yet cannot help putting his own self into it. Only, I think, Monticelli will not last him for ever; for one thing, Monticelli's art has too much of climax about it, it hardly admits of being developed and turned to a personal use; for another thing, it leads to surfeit and cloying. I should not wonder if Mr. Martin reacted to some colder and severer model. It is a sign of promise that a young painter should be experimental and elastic. I hope Mr. Martin will not be too easy in his choice. There is a sort of academic romanticism which becomes more wearisome than the classic sort of staleness. At present his difficulty is the same that beset that rare colourist, Edward Calvert. Calvert's felicities are with the half-realised, with a world in which a vapour of dream-land still clings about the figures; definite contour brings a marring of the vision, a loss of imaginative fusion, a cold breath of the studio, as with Etty's nymphs. So Mr. Martin is happiest in the Monticelli vein, where we are not troubled with suggestions of reality, and figures exist only for their facets of reflected colour. But he might well give study to Calvert; for his own colour needs much refining and loses sometimes all effect by emphasis and exclamation. He should approach his subjects, too, more reverentially. He surely did not conceive his "Penseuse" (No. 25) merely as a dashing study of the nude with a cheaply appropriate background. Yet here are a foaming stream, rocks, clouds and landscape which have no more texture or atmosphere than the drapery on which the woman sits; they are merely smears of shapeless pigment and violent colour. We do not demand realism in such a subject, but we demand reality of vision, though it be suggested by bold convention; and here is not even convention. What is more beautiful than running water, or the

light on remote clouds? How could a lover of beauty deal so grossly with the impressions of sensitive eyesight? I must complain again of another picture (No. 18), where two girls sit by a leafy pool and contemplate the water-lilies on its surface. How could Mr. Martin paint so contemptuously those white blossoms? It might have been a suggestion only of the actual shape of the opening flowers, but the suggestion should have reminded us of what gives us pleasure in them. These have no reminder for us of their luminous petals or the buoyant poise of their white cups upon the water. Mr. Martin has too much gift, too much promise, for one not to care that he should do these things. His danger is to be too soon contented. It is no light or easy ambition to satisfy man's imaginations with a world of one's own creating. He should study nobler forms, choose and refine his colours, cultivate delicacy.

Another young artist, Miss Anna Airy, exhibits at the Carfax Gallery a collection of paintings, etchings and drawings. Miss Airy has quite remarkable talent. Her study of a willow is an astonishing piece of drawing. She has the observing eye and the portraying hand. Her deficiencies lie behind these. Her work does not escape from the aimlessness and incoherence that undermine most of contemporary art. It is the element of choice and thought which makes for enduring qualities. To foster a chosen theme in the mind, to test and chasten it in thought before attempting its execution, this at least will prove to an artist whether what he means to do continues to deepen its interest for himself; but nowadays it is thought that the only way to be sincere and spontaneous is to respond at once to a transient stimulus and rush into execution by the speediest and directest means. Yet it is matter of fact and history that most of the very greatest masterpieces were created in deliberation and in response to a commission from outside. Miss Airy suffers like the rest of us from the helpless fashions of prevalent teaching and opinion. She has been smitten with the charm of Japanese work, but has not penetrated below the surface of it. There are some colour-etchings in the exhibition; but the colour is merely a patch on part of the plate, which to my sense is only disconcerting and irrelevant. It is relation of colours which gives pleasure; a sound, however agreeable, is not music. And this want of care for rhythm in design, as in colour, is at present the radical weakness of Miss Airy's work. As I hope that, in spite of all the anarchic currents in modern life, we are not all going to slide back into formless, aimless barbarism, I trust that a gift of such fine capacities as Miss Airy's shows itself to be will be put to the finest use that may be, and to the service of concentrated ideas.

Mr. William Callow is not a young painter; he is in fact only a few years from celebrating his own centenary, which we all hope he will live to do. But he has an amazing gift of youth. Thackeray praised him in 1839: "a new painter, somewhat in the style of Mr. Harding, is Mr. Callow, and better, I think, than his master or original." Now in a new century and a transformed London he is exhibiting a selection from the water-colours of a life-time, at the Leicester Galleries. They range from 1841 to 1903. The latest of the drawings might have been done in the 'forties, some of the earliest—Venetian studies, light and broad, in the vein of Bonington—might have been done today. Mr. Callow's consistency is perfect. He has maintained his youth, and with it the taste of his youth; the tenderness for picturesque architecture, gabled façades, cobbled market-places and clustering market-people, of Normandy, Belgium and Germany. It was a fondness he shared with Prout and others of that bygone time. There is little to move us, nothing of deep interest, in Mr. Callow's art; but how well he knows what he wants to do, and with what immense accomplishment he carries out his intentions! He cares too much for locality, accident, "the picturesque" in short, to be capable of the grandeur and serious design of a Girtin; but such a drawing as the "Easby Abbey" (No. 26), made in 1853, shows what breadth, boldness, and luminous freshness he was master of. It makes one regret once more the plague of exhibitions which set in a century ago, and the pathetic



ambition of the water-colour artists to remove from their work the reproach of being merely "drawings" and not finished paintings which could bear a gold frame and competition with oil-pictures. Mr. Callow has been careful to eschew the use of body-colour, which in the Early Victorian days was considered a contamination of the purity of water-colour, and a heresy. But the real heresy is the finished painting in water-colour. Yet though we may think the large works of this exhibition a mistake, no one can deny to Mr. Callow the sound mastery of his craft, and we leave him with congratulations. Mr. Cundall contributes a little memoir to the catalogue, which is full of interesting reminiscences.

LAURENCE BINYON.

### OSPREYS.—I.

THIS is yet another of the larger birds which were at one time fairly abundant throughout the northern portions of our island. Owing to their worldwide geographical distribution, they are to be met with in all suitable localities, and it is very certain that if only people could be induced to refrain from shooting them in the United Kingdom they would soon re-establish themselves in many of their old haunts. It is gratifying to know that, thanks to the greater interest taken in wild birds of late years, several large land-owners in the north now jealously guard the ospreys which come to nest on the islands of the big fresh-water lochs.

These beautiful birds are still fairly common in the Straits of Gibraltar. A pair have nested at the back of the Rock from time immemorial, and were duly noted by the Rev. John White in a letter to his famous brother of Selborne in 1776. I first saw their nest there in 1874, and have since then watched the old birds on innumerable occasions. In some years two pairs nest there, and in one year very recently I watched three pairs on the wing together, but do not think more than two nested.

Of the three sites I know of, one is not forty feet above the sea, on a ledge which is overhung by a big cliff some three hundred feet above it, and may be reckoned as inaccessible. A second site is in the same cliff and about two hundred and fifty feet above the sea. The third is in the roof of one of the huge sea-caverns near the entrance and overhung.

An excellent standing Garrison Order of the old Rock forbids the wild birds being molested, but the surest protection for the ospreys is the difficulty of getting at their nests.

I make no scruple about mentioning these nests since they are known to many. From one of the now disused old batteries near Europa Point the birds can be easily watched with a telescope on the nest, as can the young when they are hatched out. I spent one whole summer at "The Cottage", the summer residence of the Governor of Gibraltar. Watching the ospreys both at their nests and when fishing in front of my windows formed not the least interesting of my duties as A.D.C.

The persistency with which the ospreys resort to these sites is the best proof of their general immunity from attack. When on the homeward voyage from Egypt in the summer of 1885 consequent on our withdrawal from the Sudan, I chanced to mention the ospreys, and, as is so frequently the case when ordinary well-ascertained facts of natural history are told to the uninitiated, was chaffed a good deal when I asserted that without doubt we should see the ospreys on their nest when we passed the Rock. The affair ended in the captain of our transport good-naturedly altering his course and steaming in close under the Point. Every glass was directed on the nest, and much was the jubilation at its being apparently empty, until the old bird suddenly rose from off her young, and standing up showed her white breast to the Camel Corps of unbelievers!

From time to time, some thoughtless gunner has shot one of these beautiful birds. I know of five instances in the last thirty-three years, and of course there may be others, but the bereaved bird soon finds another mate and all goes on as before. No doubt there is an inexhaustible supply of eligible young

ospreys, male and female, to be obtained from the opposite coast of Africa. On that side there is usually an osprey's nest wherever there are any bold headlands or sea-cliffs. I have seen three nests on one headland within a few hundred yards of one another. Here they are reasonably safe, for, owing to the heavy swell which sets in, landing is often impossible, and in addition ospreys, unlike so many eagles, seem to appreciate the advantages of selecting awkward cliffs as nesting-stations. Also, entirely apart from the present disturbed condition of Morocco, some of these nests are on parts of the coast where Europeans have never been welcomed and in consequence have very rarely been visited.

Many writers have described the structure of the osprey's foot, how the better to secure its fishy prey the outer toe is "reversible", so that the foot can be either used, when perching, with three toes in front and one behind (in the normal fashion), or, when a fish has to be held, with two in front and two behind. Professor Newton gave an excellent figure of the structure of the foot in his Dictionary. Yarell points out how the wide lateral movement of the outer toe enables the foot to hold an object on all four sides and describes how an osprey in confinement was seen to seize its food thus. I confess I have never examined the marks made by the talons of an osprey on a captured fish, but after watching ospreys seize their prey it seems as if it was always carried "fore and aft", or parallel to the body of the bird and not "athwart". In such a position, the claws would probably hold a slippery fish most securely if they entered it from two points in its back and were "clamped" by the two other claws, one on either side of the body. No doubt this matter has been observed by other field-naturalists, but I can find no reference to it. With a fish held longitudinally as I describe, the marks of the claws of each foot would indicate either the four points of a S. George's or of a S. Andrew's Cross on the fish's back, according as whether they were distributed as I suggest, or "two in front and two behind".

The cry of the osprey is of the well-known hawk type, such as kestrels and sparrowhawks use when "scolding", only of course a good deal more powerful. When one approaches a cliff where they are nesting they will, from time to time, sail close past crying out in this manner, and very fascinating it is to watch them.

I have also often heard the cry at night, but seemingly from birds sitting in or near their nests. Ospreys habitually use the unoccupied "alternative sites" as places to perch and feed in, and hence the cries may come from roosting birds. They remain out fishing till long after sundown, and on one occasion, when rowing homeward in the month of November from some sea-cliffs, a friend with me shot at and killed an osprey when it was too dark to see what he was firing at. The unfortunate bird at the time was flying into a cavern to roost.

When an osprey leaves its nest or perch among the cliffs, it usually flies seaward in a straight line for some distance and then commences a series of wide sweeps and curves until it is out of sight.

When fishing, it flies in circles with motionless wings about two hundred feet above the sea until it detects a fish below, when it momentarily checks its pace and flaps its wings and, if satisfied with what it sees, drops like a stone into the waters, generally disappearing altogether and throwing up a small column of foam. Next instant it emerges, rarely without something in its talons, and wings its way by a steady flapping flight to the rock or point of vantage where it can make its meal in peace.

Sometimes, just before it touches the water, it suddenly checks its fall by a few vigorous flaps and then soars upward to recommence the chase. In such cases, in all probability the fish the bird had selected when circling high above the water had either dived away or was found to be at too great a depth for a successful "pounce".

Most people have heard of the remarkable transparency of smooth water when seen from a height above, which at times presents to the balloonist the optical illusion of there being no water at all in a pond. I first

saw this when crossing the Frensham Ponds in a war balloon. As is usually the case the approach of the balloon caused great alarm to the fowls and ducks in the immediate neighbourhood, the hens clucking violently and running off to take cover from view, whilst the ducks scattered about the surface of the water and dived vigorously. From the height we were the diving ducks, when once they ceased to disturb the surface, had the appearance of ducks flapping about on dry ground, for the weeds at the bottom of the shallow pond seemed to be exposed to the air. No doubt the eye of the osprey is trained to gauge correctly the depth below the surface of the fish it contemplates making a meal off, but it must be a very delicate adjustment that permits of the necessary degree of accuracy.

Wherever ospreys are to be found, there is no bird which lends itself better to watching when engaged in search of its food, since it ever hunts "in the open" where there is nothing to obstruct a view of its proceedings, as in the case of other raptorial birds in pursuit of their quarry amid hills and woodland.

I have also met with it up tidal estuaries, where it pursues the same tactics as when at sea, but with the difference that in place of dropping like a stone on to its prey it sweeps down and, after the manner of a sea-gull fishing, lightly dips into the water and as quickly mounts again. Of course in such places many of the small fish are in extremely shallow waters over the mud-beds and sand-banks, where a vigorous dive might mean annihilation.

WILLOUGHBY VERNER.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### "THE SHADOW OF AN ELECTION."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—“Much as I have travelled in these realms of gold”—I mean brought up as one was upon the SATURDAY REVIEW and fortified by its traditions—I do not know where in my big battalion of bound volumes, stretching from Mr. Douglas Cook's day to your own, I could lay my hand on a better tract for the times than the article headed “The Shadow of an Election” which you printed on 12 October. I do not know if it has had, if it will have, any effect. One grows so hopeless of Achilles sulking in his tent, of those that fiddle while Rome burns. But while that small army of lantern vans, which you tell us “leaves London early in November”, is invading the villages, the Chief Whip and the Chief Agent might do worse than enrol a few volunteers to attack the country houses, and your switch in hand upset the tables of the bridge players. I cannot do better—you have left me no opening—than paraphrase your own words. If ever a general election threatened to be serious and important, it is the next: “to the Conservatives in some ways a final election”. Come in again the Radicals, and what will happen to religious education, the House of Lords, and the Church? I do not agree with you that Tariff Reform is likely to suffer more than a temporary check. That is bad enough of course. We should have to risk the Colonies throwing over a mother-country which deserved no better of them and turning from the imperial game to the domestic. Still to Achilles and the fiddlers, Tariff Reform probably seems less important than these other matters with which is bound up their own influence. It was the wisest of old Scottish noblemen who warned certain younger men of his own rank that “while the kirk might survive the lairds, the lairds would not survive the kirk”. Our magnates, as you remind them, “cannot have it both ways; they cannot enjoy their position and ignore its responsibilities”. If the landed gentry ceased to count in the Conservative party, I believe, with you, they would be a real loss. But they will have themselves to thank for it. They do not work, they do not give their money, and the issue is certain. The pity of it is that they must involve in their inevitable declension those others who do rise to their responsibilities. We have, in fact, no room for the mugwump, a person who stands aside from politics. We may all well be sick of the brawl of

party, but by politics in the proper sense we live or die, and an indifferent citizen just now is a bad citizen. The “Times” to-day, I see, expresses its hope that “the qualities of simplicity, self-reliance, &c. . . . often obscured among our population are only dormant”, and in the Printing House Square manner thumps out Tennyson's line about the smooth-faced rogue leaping from his counter in the hour of need, as he actually did in South Africa. Well, but if we had not gone asleep politically since the war we should not have risked, if not lost, all that that war was fought for. To go back further, if we had not been indifferent and purblind when our cue was vigilance there need never have been a war in South Africa at all. No doubt we may count on lots of fuss and eloquence when our old institutions are actually in their death agonies. What we need here also is a little pains and energy now, if these institutions are still to be saved. The call is immediate: to action and unflurry.

For if we are zealous we need not be silly. In to-day's “Times” again Mr. H. G. Wells gives a gruesome example of “the methods of the present anti-Socialist campaign in this country”. Mr. Wells had somewhere defined the Socialist position as “a denial of property in human beings; women and children, just as men and things, must cease to be owned”. A pamphleteer quoting the passage added cheerfully, in inverted commas, as if the words were Mr. Wells', “so in the future it will not be my wife or your wife, but our wife”. This, Mr. Wells thinks, is probably the “limit”; though possibly the pamphleteer, adding comment to quotation, had got quite innocently mixed in his inverted commas; possibly, too, he had been confused (with better men) by Mr. Wells' dallings with Free Love at the close of “The Days of the Comet”.

The point is that people, not obscure but important, are by way of fighting Socialism just now with weapons well-nigh as idiotic as discreditable and as useless as the pamphleteer's. Very respectable, not to say illustrious, Conservatives seem quite sincerely to believe that Socialism as Socialism is anti-religious, anti-marriage, and that where it advocates the abolition of private property and the means of life, whether in land, machinery, railways, &c., it really aims at dividing all the wealth of the country equally among its inhabitants! Possibly they confound the Socialist with the Anarchist talking in Hyde Park. That is all talk! But I do not know that the utterances of the Duke of Rutland and the policy of the great Lord Balfour of Burleigh are much more intelligent. Small blame if your intelligent onlooker “standing aside out of general sickness” is driven into a political jaundice. Yet for him too your point holds good: in view of the extraordinary importance of the next election he may not shelve his duty because unintelligent persons in high position talk unintelligently. There are signs that educated men need not always be compelled to choose between mere inaction and trooping after the stock leaders of either of the two parties. Lord Rosebery's criticisms are useful although they are not followed by action; they are more illuminating than the words of any inhabitant of either Front Bench. And there are others not on Front Benches who are as earnestly hearkened to, and more so, and attract more than Lord Rosebery does, who may be drawn into leadership, and are likely to ensue words with action. Lord Curzon is in the mind of many of us, though for the moment he is preoccupied with the needs of his Alma Mater. But Lord Milner—there is a figure and a voice, new in our political life, towards which thinking men and women, depressed with the childishness and recrimination of our party politicians, more and more incline. His may be an influence which grows slowly, but it grows. No one appealed to the average intelligent man with the same lucidity and the same force, or the same detachment from faction and the customary violence, on problems like South Africa, Tariff Reform, and National Defence. Let him give us a lead on Socialism at the next election. We may be sure we shall always get thought and conviction from Lord Milner—not the sort of thing we see furbished up by Front Bench men, those journalists of statesmanship—because just now the question happens to be “topical”. We shall not be treated to the tricks of the politician, as these are fairly



satirised in this week's "Punch"—Dame Toryism smiling on the Socialist. Neither need we fear to encounter the blank unintelligence of Lord Balfour of Burleigh. As between an individualism which ignores the State and pretends, as Cobden pretended, that the world is, or will be, cosmopolitan, and that false remedy which seems all that the Socialist theories can offer, here is one who is like to steer his way and ours by the light of truth and duty. And his is a way and a method which educated, reasonable men can listen to, and commonly can follow, without feeling that they are being let in to serve one of two dreary houses.

I am, &c.,  
C.

#### THE CHURCH IN FRANCE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

22 October, 1907.

SIR,—You will remember how, a year ago, the London papers, notably the "Times" and the "Daily News," devoted many columns to what the "Times" Paris correspondent foresaw was to be a triumphant success—the formation of a Church, "Catholic but not Roman, and French." M. des Houx, its founder, was represented to be one of the greatest of modern Frenchmen and his enterprise was an inevitable success. We were told that so great was the popularity of M. des Houx and so enormous his following that there could be no doubt that within a year the Latin Church would be swept out of France and replaced by a national Church of which M. des Houx would be the Pope and a certain "Archbishop" Vilatte his Vicar-General. Humbler persons, myself included, ventured to express a contrary opinion. They knew probably more about M. des Houx than the illustrious correspondents of the great papers in question: I availed myself of your columns to give a more moderate estimate of the value of the work of M. des Houx and his followers, and even to predict that within a year the very papers that were then sounding his praises would be obliged to confess that he was a dire failure. I notice that the London papers in question have taken great care to say very little about M. des Houx and his doings in the last few months; but the Paris "Gil Blas" of a few days ago—and it is by no means a clerical paper, being in fact official—devoted a column to M. des Houx and the death of his "schism"! Translated, the article in the French paper runs as follows: "It is scarcely a year since the Pope forbade the formation of associations cultuelles, which inspired M. des Houx of the 'Matin' with the brilliant idea of founding a new Church, Catholic, Apostolic, and French. This project made a great noise in the morning journal, according to which the whole of France was about to unite in the extraordinary exploit of separating itself from the Pope and remaining Catholic. To-day the 'Catholic, Apostolic, and French' Church of M. des Houx has given up the ghost after dragging on a wretched existence for a few months. It is true that one or two associations cultuelles were formed, and scandalous scenes were witnessed in the chapel of the Barnabites in the Rue Legendre, where schismatic and interdicted priests officiated. This 'Church of France' was neither militant nor triumphant; it was something without a name; it was nothing. It was condemned before it was born. There are probably a thousand religious sects and systems in the world to-day. Anybody who chooses can found a religion. In the domain of religion one can do as one wills, always saving and excepting one thing: remain a Catholic while one repudiates the sovereignty of the Pope and the hierarchy of the Church. It is open to you to believe in God and Jesus Christ without being a Catholic, but if you do not believe in the infallibility of the Pope and the sanctity of the Catholic Church you are not a Catholic. Thus one cannot help smiling at the naïveté of a handful of people who dreamt of founding a rival Catholic Church which should be French and not Roman." The logic of the reasoning must be apparent to all.

Yours very truly,  
RICHARD DAVEY.

#### FIORETTI AND LITTLE FLOWERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Settignano, 21 October, 1907.

SIR,—As you allude to me particularly and admonish me, regretting that Mr. Hutton is "tending and watering where he should uproot or at least let wither", though you do not explain the use of the word "Fioretti" by Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, I should like if I may to ask you what you propose to use instead of "Little Flowers of S. Francis" as a translation for "Fioretti di San Francesco". You suggest "Flowers from the Life of S. Francis", only to hope devoutly that it "may never gain currency". Again, may I insist that modern Italian has nothing to do with it? The question is: what did a trecento Italian mean when he wrote Fioretti? Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio meant Little Flowers. Pardon me if I seem to understand that you think they meant big ones! Perhaps the truth of the matter is that Fioretti—Little Flowers—is typically Franciscan. Was not S. Francis Il Poverello? was not the Order Frati minori? did not S. Francis call Frate Leone "Pecorella di Dio"? was not S. Maria degli Angeli the "Porziuncola"—the little portion? And to-day at the Porziuncola, at the Carceri, at S. Francesco and at S. Damiano, you will hear constantly, as I have done this autumn, the diminutive used with regard to S. Francis himself, his Order and their Houses. Why, sir, the diminutive is the most Franciscan thing possible: take it away and you lose the whole originality of the title! The Fioretti were the little beautiful actions of S. Francis' life: no one claims that they are a Life of S. Francis; they are just a selection of the little perfect humble things he did, and the diminutive is used, as it so often is even to-day, endearingly, lovingly.

Yours faithfully,  
EDWARD HUTTON.

#### INSPECTOR OF REMOUNTS.

20 October, 1907.

SIR,—Your correspondent E. P. L. is surely a very bold man. Not content with arrogating to the Army Service Corps a knowledge of horses equal to that of our cavalry, he now goes out of his way to assert that "a thorough training in business methods is supplied by experience gained in the Army Service Corps". Of course he is entitled to this opinion, but it was not the opinion of the Commission on the South African Stores Scandals. Nor was it the view of the British public, who charitably endeavoured to believe that the peculiar methods of purchasing and disposing of stores indulged in by some of the Army Service Corps were due to a lack of training in business habits in the officers concerned. This belief, if we are to credit E. P. L., was erroneous.

A knowledge of horses proved by passing theoretical examinations, even though fortified by a knowledge of business based on Army Service Corps training, would seem to be but a slender equipment for the post of Inspector of Remounts.

Your obedient servant;  
GARRY.

#### CUBA AND ITS LANGUAGES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

20 Mornington Crescent London N.W.,  
23 October 1907.

SIR,—For the last few days I have been noticing in the daily papers of London the statements made by Lord Rosebery regarding the language of the "Cuban" people, but not until I read the same remarks in the columns of the SATURDAY REVIEW, which is considered the leading intellectual journal of Great Britain, have I deemed it necessary to send you these few lines merely to inform Lord Rosebery that we Cubans have spoken no other language than Spanish, and some of us can speak, as our "Nigger Language", English.

Yours respectfully,  
ALFREDO PÉREZ ENCINOSA.

[We cited Lord Rosebery and Lord Rosebery spoke of the negroes in Cuba, not of the Cuban people; and he was referring to a time many years back.—ED. S.R.]

## REVIEWS.

## VICTORIA.

## I.—THE GIRL-QUEEN.

"Letters of Queen Victoria." Edited by Arthur C. Benson and Viscount Esher. 3 vols. London: Murray. 63s. net.

THE delicate and important duty which the King confided to Mr. Arthur Benson and Lord Esher has been discharged in a manner that must command praise from the most exacting critic. The Letters are a selection from a correspondence which is far too voluminous to be published in full; and it is a "secret de Polichinelle" that excision has been largely practised on the documents thus chosen from the mass. The object of the publication, the editors tell us, is not to supply matter to the historical student, but to present the nation with a portrait of Queen Victoria. With this aim such letters have been picked out as exhibit the development of the Queen's character, her political relations with her Ministers, and her domestic relations with her husband and the members of her very large family both at home and on the Continent. Despite the suppressions, enough has been left in the correspondence to render it not only interesting, but piquant and amusing. Mr. Benson and Lord Esher have received very efficient assistance. The "introductory notes" to the chapters, giving an historical summary of each year, are models of compression and accuracy, and, we gather from the editorial note, are mainly due to Mr. J. W. Headlam and Mr. Hugh Childers.

The first volume covers the years 1837 to 1843, and is occupied by the Queen's accession, marriage, and initiation in the business of statecraft by Lord Melbourne and Sir Robert Peel. Surely Queen Victoria was the luckiest Sovereign that ever wore a crown! She was lucky in the Prince Consort; she was lucky in Lord Melbourne; and she was lucky in Uncle Leopold and Baron Stockmar. The blackguardism of George IV. and the eccentricity of William IV. had made the Monarchy unpopular; the suffering produced by commercial depression had made it insecure. In 1839 it wanted very little to fan the flame of Chartism and Irish Repeal into a revolution such as swept over the rest of Europe ten years later. If Prince Albert had been a fool, or a profligate, or merely a conceited prig; if Lord Melbourne had been a selfish intriguer or an unscrupulous partisan; if Baron Stockmar had not possessed the coolest head and soundest judgment; the ignorant and lonely little girl who mounted the English throne in 1837 would have made shipwreck of her career, and possibly involved the institutions of this country. As it happened, the Prince Consort was a young man of quite extraordinary ability, and, what is still rarer, of unerring tact, of genuine modesty, and of perfect self-restraint. Nothing but the vulgar prejudice of the ignorant prevented the recognition of his qualities. All the eminent men who came near him, Lord Melbourne, Baron Stockmar, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Palmerston, and Mr. Disraeli, at once perceived his merits, and immediately took him into their confidence. Womanlike, the young Queen, though she adored her husband, called him her "Angel" and thought him the handsomest man alive, was the last to appreciate the solid side of his character. It was only when she saw the respect paid to his intellect by Melbourne and Peel and the King of the Belgians that the Queen took him seriously, allowed him to correspond with Ministers, and to share her duties as Sovereign. Had Prince Albert been an Englishman and a commoner, he would certainly have been a great man. As it was, the public were agreeably surprised when they read that his Royal Highness had followed the Belvoir hounds with the courage of a young whip, and were far more impressed by this feat, as the Queen humorously complains, than by all his industry and public spirit, which indeed they almost resented. But the pivot of the situation in those early days was, of course, Lord Melbourne. The correspondence between the Queen and her first Prime Minister is very pretty and entertaining. Lord Melbourne was not only the

wittiest and wisest of grands seigneurs, he was the soul of honour—in short, a perfect specimen of an English gentleman. He treated the Queen as an indulgent father would a young and wilful daughter. He wrote and spoke to his Sovereign with a mixture of deference and freedom, which is rendered all the quainter by the use of the third person, a style that often plunged the poor little Queen in a hopeless grammatical morass. When the newly married wife proudly told Melbourne that the Prince was quite indifferent to the charms of other ladies, the old worldling observed, "These are early days to boast, M'am", which was certainly sailing pretty close to the wind, and, as he tells us, made the Queen "very indignant". But at this period of her life Victoria much preferred the sans gêne of Melbourne to the apparently cold and embarrassed ceremony of Sir Robert Peel. Queen Victoria behaved during the change of Ministry exactly as most young ladies of twenty-two behave when something disturbs the pleasant routine of their lives, such as the departure of a favourite maid. She cried, she pouted, she pitied herself, and invited her dearest uncle to pity her for the loss of "the excellent Melbourne". Peel was "cold and odd": she never could trust him: the Whigs were the only pure and unselfish party: the Tories were horrid, and had voted for the reduction of the Prince's allowance: she never would accept any favour from a party which was bent on being personally rude to her and her husband—and so on, and so forth. All this is very "young" and very feminine, as is the complete revulsion of feeling which followed quickly. Within two years the Queen and her husband were the guests of Sir Robert Peel at Drayton Manor ("a very nice house"); and when the Corn-law crisis of 1845 arrived it was "our good Peel", "our worthy Peel", about whom she wrote to the King of the Belgians, and who, she hoped, would continue to be her Minister for many years. We suspect that the Queen and the Prince wrote some very strong letters about the combination of Radicals and Protectionists which turned out Peel in 1846, but these the editors have not permitted us to see. As soon as he had overcome his shyness Peel took infinite pains to acquire the good graces of the young couple, to whom he seems to have been genuinely attached. It was Peel who gave, or made the nation give, the Queen a new steam yacht of her own; and Peel detected at once the brains of Prince Albert, wrote to him frequently about politics, and asked him to act as Chairman of the first Royal Commission on Architecture and the Fine Arts. As wife and Sovereign, Victoria was not proof against adroit devotion of this kind, and Peel soon occupied the place of poor old Melbourne, who was sinking under the weight of disease and debts. There is a very pathetic letter from Lord Melbourne to the Queen, dated from Brocket Hall on 30 December, 1847. "Lord Melbourne is pretty well in health, perhaps rather better than he has been, but low and depressed in spirits for a cause which has long pressed upon his mind, but which has never been communicated to your Majesty. Lord Melbourne has for a long time found himself much straitened in his pecuniary circumstances, and these embarrassments are growing now every day more and more urgent, so that he dreads before long that he shall be obliged to add another to the list of failures and bankruptcies of which there have lately been so many. This is the true reason why Lord Melbourne has always avoided the honour of the Garter, when pressed upon him by his late Majesty and also by your Majesty. Lord Melbourne knows that the expense of accepting the blue ribbon amounts to £1,000, and there has been of late years no period at which it would not have been seriously inconvenient to Lord Melbourne to lay down such a sum." We are glad to learn from the editorial note that the Queen, through the agency of Mr. Anson, advanced Lord Melbourne a considerable sum of money, "which seems to have been repaid at his death", and also that age and illness made the ex-Premier exaggerate his difficulties. This transaction is very honourable, but the report made by George Anson showed that Lord Melbourne "was in no sense seriously embarrassed". Our pension system, however, is absurd, and provides no allowance for retiring Prime Ministers.



The other two men who formed the select bodyguard, so to speak, of the Queen and protected her from harm were her uncle Leopold, King of the Belgians, and his former physician and secretary, Baron Stockmar. These two men had come over to England some twenty years before the accession of Victoria, as Prince Leopold's first wife was Princess Charlotte, and they had both studied closely the theory of the British Constitution, and shrewdly observed its working. Both were men of clear views and calm tempers, while their education was far superior to that of most English statesmen. Neither had any axe of his own to grind, and both were devoted to the success of the young Sovereign. King Leopold was, naturally, at first disposed to patronise and lecture his little niece; but he soon discovered that the Queen of England was a much more important and powerful person than the King of the Belgians, and with great tact he changed his tone, and even accepted, now and then, a lecture from his niece about his absences from his wife and his kingdom. Stockmar was "the candid friend", who told Prince Albert of his mistakes, remonstrated with Lord Melbourne about writing to the Queen after quitting office, sat in judgment on Lord Palmerston, and caused some home truths to be repeated to Louis Philippe about the Spanish marriages. If Stockmar had served any interest of his own, and had not been transparently honest as well as able and well-informed, he would, like Gil Blas, have been expelled. As it was, he retained the affection of his royal mistress and master, and the respect of Melbourne and Palmerston. Coarse and brutal as were the comments of the British press on the German influence at Court, it was undoubtedly a great advantage to Victoria to enjoy the advice of two clever and disinterested foreigners like King Leopold and Stockmar, as they were absolutely impartial and untouched by preference for either Whigs or Tories. These four men—Melbourne, Prince Albert, King Leopold, and Stockmar—formed a little phalanx round the girl-queen; they were a powerful combination, and they had no other interest in life stronger than the success of the woman whom they watched and served. This is the explanation of what has hitherto appeared to us as little short of an historical miracle—namely, the power and popularity of the Monarchy in England during that most perilous decade between 1839 and 1849.

That is why the first volume and the first half of the second volume of these Letters are to us the most interesting part of the work. After the fall of Sir Robert Peel in 1846 ends the girlish and critical period, and begins what may be called the Prince Consort period. The letters addressed to Lord Palmerston on foreign affairs in the Queen's name were obviously written by the Prince, or Stockmar, or both; and the quarrel fastened on that self-willed statesman about sending off despatches before the Queen had time to give her opinion was plainly of Prince Albert's making. The constitutional question thus raised between the Crown and the Executive was very important; but we must reserve its discussion until next week.

#### A COUNTRYMAN'S HORIZONS.

"Lonewood Corner: a Countryman's Horizons." By John Halsham. London: Smith, Elder. 1907. 7s. 6d.

ONE of the things the dweller in London misses most often is a long view. Mind's eye and body's alike longs to see far; to stretch itself in ample space. We feel sometimes as if there could be no rest for the eye until all the things that press upon it—people and houses and traffic—have been swept clean away. The townman seems to have no horizon. He can never look to the verge; things crowd and press upon him too insistently to allow of his looking over them; he has to deal with them all immediately. He cannot look before or after; the present hardly admits of past or future. No doubt for the keen mind in a vigorous body this tremendous energy has a grand fascination; there is about it something divine—*θεῖον τι*. There is

something wanting in the soul that feels no exhilaration in high speed; that can see an express train go by without admiring; that is not quickened by the sense of faculties working at their utmost possible pressure. There is a glory in it; and moral force. So long as the mind firmly rides the storm of energy and is not carried away. Or the glory will become mere inebriety, and nothing will be seen clearly, nothing heard articulately, nothing understood: all life become nothing but a smudge, a blur, a din. This is the doom at one end, as the inert mass is the doom at the other. Most of us can see the danger at one end, but few at both; though the ends nearly meet, for insanity comes from excessive as well as from too little energy. It is largely a matter of harmony of temperament with surroundings whether a man will fix his eye on the doom of inertia or the doom of energy. The countryman who shrinks from London or the Londoner who shrinks from the country will see only the danger arising from life in the other place. But it is often the opposite way. Certainly the dweller in London who keeps his head will often be oppressed with the necessity of getting out of the stream, of pulling up to take thought. He feels that he is gradually losing control and the machine running away with him.

The impulse, of course, is to rush into the country, if only for a few hours. But the right book—it must be exactly the right one—is a better remedy. Change of scenery is not strong enough to arrest the momentum of the mind all at once; it takes some time for the country to act on a mind ringing with city life. It is applying a purely aesthetic remedy to a case largely intellectual. The book keeps the mind still working, but gradually slows down and then reverses the machinery. "Lonewood Corner", for instance, would very soon restore control. This would not be John Halsham's own idea of his book; for if he is proud of it at all, it is as a purely country product; by a countryman, about country folk, and, he would persuade himself, for country people. But we very much doubt whether the book will have so many readers in the country as in London, and the country people who do read will not find so much in it as will its readers in London. For the reader who persists after discovering that the book is not, as the first title might suggest, the story of a blood-curdling secret murder, will find that the book is a highly finished and fastidiously critical study of "social England" of to-day. True, the critic's watch-tower is a village spire and the persons of his dialogue (the book has a good deal of affinity with a Platonic dialogue) are a few dwellers on the countryside. But from the spire he can see very far, and his characters turn to him sides enough of humanity to set him probing the depths of other people's degeneracy and estimating the chances of the better stock holding out. We do not doubt that John Halsham does know the country and the countryman core through, and his books give a true picture utterly wanting in the mass of so-called country-books, books turned out by professional scribes and book-makers. But the truth of the portrait would not commend it to the portrayed. And John Halsham himself tells us how few there are in Sheringham of intellect enough to enjoy his philosophisings. There will be many more in London.

John Halsham is basely ungrateful to London. He cannot refrain from iterated tirades against "the great wen". It is a pity, for these scoldings are full of a most unphilosophic temper and do not show knowledge. He has been studying a village for forty years and knows it but a little more than skin deep, he says; but a city of five millions of people, which he visits for two or three days in a year, he has fathomed. He puts up as the devil's advocate an odiously vulgar plutocrat—Mrs. Sims-Bigg—very well drawn, a true type—and argues with her the whole way down from London. One is not very much surprised that by the time they reach the "little wayside station" Mrs. Sims-Biggs is silenced. She no doubt would have been—but she was a fool. If he had wished seriously to open the barren controversy between London and country (for they really are complements one of another), he should have put up some one of a certain intelligence to argue with him; his cousin, Mary Enderby, for instance. Mary

Enderby would not have been silenced by his proof of the countryman mastering London in a few weeks, while the Londoner cannot plumb the villager in a lifetime. He had noticed, says John Halsham, that any of his villagers who had migrated to London came back in a month or two Cockneys entire. Mary Enderby would have pointed out to him that this simply meant he did not know what a Cockney was. Because his villager came back with a few changes in his raiment and possibly a slight change in his accent he was simple enough to think this carried with it the whole temper and mind of London. And she would finally have silenced him by showing that in premising as he does (failure of population being the immediate context) that London stands for any great city, he had put himself out of court altogether. The man who could lump London with other towns, or with any other city in the world, can know nothing of London.

Not that these assaults on London are in any sense dull—they are piquant—or inartistic. They are quite in the pose of the book: but we think too much of John Halsham's work to take it merely as a pose or even as a dramatic fiction. A juster attitude might have been less interesting, but it would have been worthier of the general tone of the book. For its general thought is just and clear; there is about its whole attitude to men and things a serenity and clarity as of the light of a calm evening. John Halsham looks out on a setting dispensation for which he hardly hopes for as fine a morrow. He is not a pessimist, but he cannot help seeing what he does see. He sees that, so far at least, education has drawn out qualities less valuable than the characters dominant in the uneducated fathers of these educated children. We share his and his Warden's horror of half-education. Dempster, the elementary-school master, is a painfully true portrait. His "nature-study" excursion is delightful. Nature suddenly came into existence for Dempster because she, poor thing, became part of an elementary school course. And there is much of the philosopher in the reflection (not Dempster's), suggested by an ancient mower's deft handling of the scythe, that every tool has two ends, one working on the matter, the other on the man. John Halsham is right; we ought to consider how far labour may be saved without losing the labourer. "Progress" too often forgets the labourer; we get a machine and we lose a man.

And the Warden (of Sheringham Alms House), the one man on the spot who can enter into the author's mind—"quite a character", as people say, a live man, no caricature—catches the ear when he says: "There is no middle term in works of the human mind; a thing is either live or dead; it has a touch of Promethean fire or it has not; and if there is one clear fact in a world of fog, it is the visible seal of authenticity in the manner of a man's expression. Truth will not endure to be told in the chap-tongue and vernacular of the mob; she has her mysteries, her pass-words, and signs; a language of her own, out of which nothing was ever yet said that mattered two days together." This is the damnation of all journalism, and it is true.

The setting of these thoughts is, of course, much—it is essential to the book's charm—the sense of being in the open air, of leisurable space, the intimacy with sky and clouds, the close touch with the seasons, the background of fair scenery; a soul steeped in the country, stored with the literary treasures of the great minds of all ages. And fastidious perfection of style. Here is no slovenliness; the right word and only the right word is tolerated; a word is never used in an illegitimate sense, and never one put in for mere effect. And the style is the man. Listen to one sentence: "It was a day for licensed idling, when a man might with a clear conscience cross his hands behind his head, shut his eyes and let the world go by, without the accusation even of that vacant susurrus in his ears which as a child I used to fancy was the audible pace of time."

Ten years have passed since "Idlehurst". Here is a man who only writes one book in a decade—let us salute him! The gardener-philosopher has learnt from his orchard that the choicest fruit comes from shy bearers. And the ten years have mellowed his mind to

a fairer show and a richer fruit—like one of his own Beurré pears. We have read his book twice from end to end and we do not feel that we have wasted time. Could critic say more?

#### AN ORIGINAL ACCOUNT OF THE '45.

"A Short Account of the Affairs of Scotland, 1744, 1745, 1746." By David, Lord Elcho. Edited by the Hon. Evan Charteris. Edinburgh: Douglas. 1907. 15s. net.

THIS most interesting volume is contributed by a son of the present Earl of Wemyss and by Lord Elcho, descendant of the next brother of the original author. It is divided into two nearly equal parts; the former being the work of the editor, the latter of Lord Elcho. We should have preferred the transposition of the parts, for Lord Elcho's account should be first read. The history of the rising of 1745 has an abiding fascination for Scotchmen, Legitimists, and lovers of the Stuarts. The bibliography of the subject is immense, largely represented by the printed list of works consulted by the editor, but the present account, apart from its merit, stands first or nearly first, being the principal authority followed by Sir Walter Scott. We learn from Lord Elcho the secret history of the rising. The motives of the actors emerge, and the merits of the Prince appear, notwithstanding many adverse comments of a chronicler who later in life came to hate the Prince and to view many of his colleagues with disgust. Most of the details of the history are so well known that it is not our purpose to describe them. We rather desire to ascertain how far we can imagine the atmosphere in which the actors moved. But in respect of detail it is right to note that this account is written by one of the most intimate counsellors of the Prince, who knew his father the King in Rome, who was the social equal of all concerned, and who lived all his youth in the society of those who detested the house of Hanover and the Union.

Lord Elcho states explicitly that when in 1744 Murray of Broughton told the Prince's friends in Scotland that he would certainly be with them next summer, most of the gentlemen looked upon the project as mad, and were utterly against it. This opinion was not apparently conveyed to Prince Charles, who sent various commissions in the spring, and, notwithstanding the failure of a French fleet to leave Dunkirk, started in June from the house of his cousin the Duc de Bouillon. He reached the Isle of Barra in the middle of July, and at South Uist was entreated to go back by Macdonald and Macleod. What followed is of course well known, but the value of this account lies in the precision with which Lord Elcho states the days on which the chieftains joined him, and the numbers each brought before the proclamation of King James at Perth. It was obvious to Lord Elcho from the first that Murray of Broughton was intriguing against Lord George Murray. The fact is stated first at Perth, and readers of the Atholl papers, knowing the pain and distress of Lord George on breaking up his family, fighting against his brothers and exposing his children to the effect of forfeiture (all of which he bore for conscience sake), learn quickly to think of Broughton with resentment.

Lord Elcho tells us that Prince Charles always slept in camp. He would hold his Council, dine in Edinburgh, and afterwards return to his tent. He marched a great part of the way to Derby on foot, and took his full share of discomfort and danger. It is clear that most of those who joined him were reluctant to enter England. They were satisfied to occupy Scotland and destroy the hated Union. An attempt to reach London, starting with some eight or nine thousand men, seemed as wild to them as it does to us, and that they should have consented is strong evidence of the enthusiasm Charles inspired.

The Prince we know imagined that men in the south would rally to his standard as they had in the north, but Lord Elcho shows he had a far more serious delusion. Prince Charles believed to the last—even on the



eve of Culloden—that the English soldiers would refuse to fight against him as their lawful Prince. The “Elector” might fight him with Dutchmen but not with English. A number of Dutch brought over by the English Government had been prisoners of France, liberated on the parole that they would not fight against France, and on being informed that the Prince was the ally of King Louis they withdrew. The Prince therefore despised all ordinary military calculations based on the relative size of armies, and was certain that if only he could reach London he would be rapturously acclaimed as King. It was when the leaders who knew the truth at last prevailed, and the retreat from Derby began, that the hero of this romantic expedition became sullen, distrusted his friends, and realised how sordid had been the motives of some who first decoyed him from Italy.

Lord Elcho gives three rough sketches of the position of troops at Preston Pans, Falkirk and Culloden which are of great interest. It is clear that the Prince's army was in no sense a mob. The excellent order in which the retreat from Derby to Scotland was executed by Highland volunteers, and the precision with which many strategic movements were performed in face of highly trained troops, are remarkable. There seems to have been very little theft, and provisions were paid for, but the terror which the name of the Highlanders inspired no doubt made it easier to bargain. On the other hand it can hardly assist a strategist to be in constant fear of war between his regiments. We observe in Lord Elcho's account instances of this danger—in one case the author of an unfortunate accident had to be shot, because otherwise two clans would have been at feud. Probably Lord George Murray was the one man who could command such a mass of rival Highlanders.

We find throughout this account constant complaint of the Prince's callousness. Lord Elcho says he hardly praised any but the Irish, whom he preferred to Scotch and English, and that he never seemed conscious of the sacrifices made for him. These observations, however, are probably made long afterwards, when as an exile the author had for various reasons learnt not merely to condemn but to despise Prince Charles.

Of the character of Lord Elcho we have not formed a high opinion. He was dissolute and in no sense heroic. It is remarkable that such a man should have been ready to sacrifice his worldly career for a theory with which he had no strong religious sympathy, and without any real hope of re-establishing the Stuarts. For Lord Elcho was not moved by an overpowering impulse; he hesitated and at one time in his youth almost resolved to forsake the cause. He was subject to no illusions, and fully realised the danger of the rising. He knew Prince Charles better than did most of his companions, but we doubt if he ever understood that the expedition was not a mere selfish assertion of the Prince's own rights, but inspired by devotion to a cause quasi divine. After Culloden Lord Elcho thought him cowardly; the truth is, the illusion vanished.

The editor has done his work admirably in respect of both introduction and notes. His essay on the general history of the period is clearly and pleasantly written, with abundant references to the best authorities, including the publications of the Scottish History Society. Mr. Charteris appears to have correctly imagined the relation of his subject to the state of Europe, not exaggerating its importance. He often quotes from Lord Elcho's journal, which is not, we presume, printed, and there can be little doubt that the journal has contributed more to the formation of Mr. Charteris' opinions than has the “Account”. The Stuart papers at Windsor and other manuscripts have been diligently studied.

There is printed in an Appendix F from a manuscript Book of the Orders issued to the English Army a curious direction how to resist the Highland charge. The lesson taught had again to be remembered not long ago in the Sudan.

The volume is well printed and contains pleasant pictures of the Prince and Lord Elcho.

#### THE OLD RÉGIME IN CANADA.

“The Seigniorial System in Canada.” By Professor W. B. Munro. London: Longmans. 1907. 10s. 6d.

IN his preface Professor W. B. Munro apologises for the want of symmetry in his book. He is too modest. For if, as he says, the authentic evidence illuminates the picture brokenly in places, as a whole it gives the effect of completeness. It is to Parkman's brilliant sketch on “The Old Régime in Canada” what a Life of Warren Hastings, compiled from original sources, is to Macaulay's Essay. It is indeed a mine of information, all the more valuable that it is written throughout with absolute dispassionateness. Professor Munro states facts, but he never gives his own opinion thereupon. Sometimes one almost wishes that he would. Perhaps the historical perspective might suffer but the interest would gain, at any rate to the general reader. That the work is essential to a right understanding of Canada as she is to-day will be the view of every serious student. For feudalism was to New France what Puritanism was to New England. Each drew fresh strength from the virgin soil of America, and each became a factor in the national development by the impetus it received from a force outside itself. But while the spirit of the old régime lives in the Dominion, the Puritan spirit in the United States is nearly dead. The French Canadian has not yet been beguiled into the worship of Mammon by progress.

“The physiognomy of a Government may be best judged in its colonies, for there its features are magnified and rendered more conspicuous. When I wish to study the merits and faults of the administration of Louis XIV. I must go to Canada; its deformity is there seen as through a microscope.” This quotation from Tocqueville is the keynote of the book. Professor Munro shows that despotism in Canada was both wise and benignant, the sympathy of the sovereign being reflected in the labours of Talon, Raudot, and Hocquart. Justice was cheap and prompt, and law and custom duly elastic. Hence the abuses of the seigniorial system in France never had a chance to grow in Canada. The conditions of a new country and the need for settlers made the relations between the landowner and his dependents close and personal, his privileges purely honorary, and his rights as few and simple as his obligations were many. Unlike his prototype at home, he never became a tyrant or an absentee. The Custom of Paris, which was the foundation of feudalism in New France, was gradually modified to colonial conditions, and always in the interest of the habitant. Professor Munro illustrates this with a wealth of detail, particularly in the chapters on the banalités and corvée.

That Louis XIV. alone of European monarchs successfully transplanted the feudal system into the New World was largely due to the peculiar circumstances of Canada. Not only was she continually at war with the Indians but with the English of the Plantations. Hence the one obligation which knew no change in the Colony was military. Every man was liable to service under conditions which were frankly mediæval. That it was so accounts for the strength of France in the New World during the Seven Years' War. But when peace came with the British conquest, the unsuitability of the seigniorial system to its environment began to show itself. The shape of the feudal grants, a parallelogram with one of the shorter sides facing the river, had transformed the S. Lawrence into one long straggling village, and rendered scientific farming impossible. Our law, too, encouraged the exactions of seigniors, thereby weakening their sense of responsibility. To such a point did the evils of the system increase indeed that its continuance came to be regarded by both races as a public danger. Its inability to adapt itself to the new social and commercial conditions of Canada is in striking contrast to the elasticity of growth in British colonies. Perhaps an order of nobility to have any vigour must spring out of the soil. The failure of Louis XIV. to create a prototype of the French noblesse overseas was obvious even in the best days of French rule; the failure of his attempt to build up a system of feudal justice only became marked under British domination.

Professor Munro is as suggestive in dealing with the abolition of the seigniorial tenure by the British as he is in tracing its working under the French. It is the custom in England to ascribe the good understanding between the two peoples to the statesmanship of Lord Durham. This is a superficial view. The true cause is the governing instinct of our race, and to it Professor Munro pays homage in graceful terms. The problem in Lower Canada was one of the most complicated and difficult with which we have ever had to deal in our oversea expansion outside India. But "it may be questioned whether its solution was not attended with as little injustice as usually accompanies such important changes. That the Canadian legislators of 1854 were able to cut away the foundation upon which the social order of Lower Canada rested, without doing any violence to the superstructure, is a tribute alike to their moderation and to their progressive spirit".

The monument to Wolfe and Montcalm in Quebec is a picturesque symbol of the dual character of the Dominion, which is at once a monument to the genius of France and the genius of England. For the spirit of the old régime is not dead. It is a living force which modifies the materialism of a British Colony. Louis XIV. builded better than he knew, but it is because the change from feudalism to modern conditions was carried out on the banks of the S. Lawrence by process of law, whereas on the banks of the Seine it was carried out by revolution. It is surely the irony of things that France, which broke away from her past, should see it entrenched in strength in the New World under the Union Jack, whereas England, whose conservatism is a tradition, can reproduce herself oversea only in democracies.

#### THE REIGN OF THE SYLLOGISM.

"Reason, Thought, and Language; or, The Many and the One: a Revised System of Logical Doctrine under the Forms of Idiomatic Discourse." By Douglas Macleane. London: Frowde. 15s. net.

THIS is a solid volume with diverting intervals. Eleven hundred numbered paragraphs with ten appendices expound the capacities of formal logic in all the shapes which the syllogism can assume. There can be no question of its learning and ability. It is a powerful defence of the syllogism against recent disparagement. The author's complaint is that, following in the footsteps of that most misleading foe to syllogistic principles John Stuart Mill, the daring spirit of the age has actually risen in rebellion against the traditional, the time-honoured, the inviolate sanctities of syllogistic reasoning. A reaction has set in against formal logic, of which hitherto even the illogical stood in wholesome dread as too formidable to be confronted, while the authorities declared it to be the ultimate basis to which all human reasonings may be reduced. "A modern school of writers, who are metaphysicians rather than logicians, have challenged the syllogism's indefeasible claim by what is very like a reckless and unscientific appeal to a common jury, relying upon the complexity and subtlety of thought and language—to which traditional logicians have certainly paid too little attention—for a triumphant disproof of the syllogistic laws." The chief offender in this high treason against the reign of the syllogism is, in the author's opinion, Dr. Bradley, who is described as putting Aristotle into the dock and rating and cross-examining him in an Old Bailey style of jaunty menace. Dr. Bradley certainly said hard things, and said them with a fierceness of tone oddly at variance with the best ideal of philosophic calm, or the dispassionate temper of pure reason. The syllogism is indicted as "a hard-run and well-nigh spent chimera which has deluded mankind for some two thousand years". The major premiss in particular is the object of special oburgation, as chief supporter in this obsolete but long-lived dynasty. "The first to go must be the major premiss. . . . An effete superstition is doomed. Begotten by an old metaphysical blunder, nourished by a senseless choice of examples, fostered by the stupid conservatism

of logicians, and protected by the impotence of younger rivals, this chimera has had a good deal more than its day. Really dead long since, I can hardly believe that it stands out for more than decent burial." This is certainly vigorous writing, and particularly irritating to the believer in the persistence of the reign of the syllogism. The ground for this furious attack is that types of reasoning exist which cannot be conformed with syllogistic limitations. "From such premisses as A is to the right of B and B to the right of C, there is and can be no form of reasoning which will give you the conclusion. . . . The actual operation is not a matter for superior direction; it is a matter for private inspiration and insight." To this criticism our author replies that it is "mere nihilism". Dr. Bradley in turn is severely handled. "He draws up a dialectical Declaration of Independence, or rather of Antinomianism. He is at once the Robespierre and the Luther of logic." Dr. Bradley indeed does not regard the syllogism as an enemy to be met and conquered, but as already dethroned—nay slain, and even buried out of the way. "The syllogism is effete, and its realm is masterless; and the question for us who aspire to the inheritance is to know in what character we mean to succeed." Hereupon while the reader is left breathless in suspense and amaze at the proposal to divide the property of the syllogism and succeed to the dominion, while, according to the traditional party, the old ruler is not only unburied but also alive and vigorous, and still in occupation of the throne from which it will take a good deal to dislodge him, he hears the loyal defender of formal logic denounce this daring nihilist in unsparing terms: "He upholds the liberty of private judgment and refuses to submit the validity of an argument to Aristotle or any one else. That one premiss should be called greater and another less in a free country is a piece of aristocratic pretension which is especially odious, etc. So Dr. Bradley plants a tree of liberty on the grave of the syllogism." Nevertheless the syllogism is not there, and in the author's opinion will continue to be vigorous so long as human reasoning continues. The course of this controversy reminds one of a passage in "Westward Ho!" where the announcement of the death of the Devil is met with the sententious retort, "And so the De'il's dead, puir body: well, I shouldn't bury him until there's a very strong smell." The fate of Mill's famous onslaught on the syllogism suggests the great vitality of the object of his attack, and that the announcement of the decease of formal logic may be somewhat premature.

Mill declared that we argue from particular to particular without passing through a universal. Thus according to Mill, if we take the syllogism, All men are mortal, the Duke of Wellington is a man, so he is mortal, our major premiss is nothing more than an aggregate of particular cases, i.e. from the mortality of John and of Thomas and of other individuals we infer the mortal character of the Duke of Wellington. Thus the argument from the general to the particular is discredited. Mr. Macleane's reply is that we cannot conclude at once from the death of various particular individuals that the Duke of Wellington is mortal, except on the ground of resemblance, that is being a man. Thus the Duke is mortal, because he is like the rest in those attributes of which mortality is the effect. "The belief that mortality is the effect of those attributes (major premiss), and that the Duke possessed them (minor), necessarily preceded the conclusion that he was mortal."

A feature of this book is the extraordinary wealth of logical and illogical illustrations drawn from a very wide range of literature. Thus, under the head of Concepts having an ideal universality comes the following: "There was a street in Paris a generation ago which, having been called Rue de la Reine, and then Rue de l'Impératrice, had its name altered again to Rue de la Maréchale Macmahon. Some one then suggested that, to obviate the need of future changes, the street should be permanently designated Rue de la Femme du Chef du Pouvoir Exécutif."

The difficulty of defining by negation, since the negation is usually too comprehensive to be definite, suggests the following illustrations: An East-end child defined grass as "what one mayn't go upon";

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Positivism has been defined as "Catholicism without Christianity"; baronet, "a person who is not a nobleman and has ceased to be a gentleman".

Formal logic is apt to be heavy reading to the average mind, and the lavish introduction of this relieving element of bright and amusing illustration is a real gain in the lengthy and solid volume before us.

We must acknowledge that the cause of the syllogism has here obtained a masterly defence. Synthetic activity of thought will, we believe, never dethrone or supersede syllogistic reasoning. The author has maintained his thesis—that "the movement against major premisses is an endeavour to remove the linchpin of connected thinking—that is, of thought itself." Archbishop Whately's saying will not easily be overthrown, that reasoning from the universal to the particular is, and must be, the mode by which human reasoning must proceed so long as human reasoning shall last.

#### NOVELS.

**"Lord Cammarleigh's Secret: a Fairy Story of To-day."**  
By Roy Horniman. London: Chatto and Windus. 1907. 6s.

There is an impish humour about this book which must captivate all but the most serious-minded. An actor out of work and almost starving comes suddenly upon a rich peer, whom he had never seen before, notices that there is a furtive hunted look in his eyes, says calmly "I know your secret"—and has the world at his feet. The way in which Anthony manages Cammarleigh's relatives is marvellous. The tedious curate who vanished for ever when a parishioner tired of his sermons sent him a postcard with the words, "Fly at once—all is discovered", was a man of courage compared with Lord Cammarleigh, who never succeeds in asking Anthony what he knew or how he knew it. The hero is too ingenious to resort to commonplace blackmail: he merely insists on becoming his victim's confidential private secretary and familiar friend. Being a young man of parts—with more than a touch of Disraeli's Vivian Grey in him—he makes amazing use of his lever when he has found it. Mr. Horniman is to be congratulated on a capital idea fully but not tediously exploited.

**"Act of God."** By Robert Elliott. London: Duckworth. 1907. 6s.

Mr. Elliott's theme is life upon an emigrant ship, twenty-five years ago. He has vividly presented the characteristics of her officers and of individuals among her crew and passengers, while it is soon apparent that he is one of those writers who leave as little as possible to the imagination. There is much fo'c's'le talk and a good deal of miscellaneous flirtation. Presently, however, the scene shifts from love-making to disaster. Fire breaks out upon the ship and she has to be abandoned. Then, for Mr. Elliott is true to his principle, follow sixty pages of unrelieved and cumulative horror. He puts before us things of which, if we are wise, we do not dare to think. No one, unless wholly brutalised, could read these concluding chapters without feeling that they ought not to have been written. There is a limit to the amount of agonising detail which a man

(Continued on page 520.)

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can bear to hear or read, and when it is passed, as it is in this narrative, he recoils horror-struck and indignant. Why has Mr. Elliott done this thing? It is not art, but art's betrayal.

**"Eve Norris."** By Claire de Pratz. London: Heinemann. 1907. 6s.

Send to Paris a young girl from the London suburbs who is in passionate revolt against the dulness of suburban life, let her mix unguarded in students' company, endow her with artistic ambitions and a satisfactory absence of moral or religious scruples, and she will probably behave much as Eve Norris did. It is impossible to give much sympathy to a girl who drifts into a liaison from curiosity and a desire to "live" rather than from any real passion; but Miss de Pratz will have it that Eve Norris retained wonderful nobility of soul, and was entitled to despise alike the French lover who could not be faithful and the English suitor who withdrew his proposal for her hand on hearing a chapter of her autobiography. The descriptions of girl-student life in Paris are more interesting than the discussions as to masculine and feminine morality and conventions.

**"His First Leave."** By L. Allen Harker. London: Arnold. 1907. 6s.

Mrs. Harker writes in a pleasant and natural way about unusually charming and attractive people. Her hero is a particularly good specimen of a modest, well-bred Englishman, and the heroine of a really nice, fresh, well-brought-up English girl, who does very much what she likes, and is always delightful. There is likewise a dear little boy; Mrs. Harker is successful and sympathetic when she describes children; and altogether "His First Leave" is a pretty, readable story, a little sentimental in spirit, and conventional in design perhaps, but fresh and wholesome.

**"The Centipede."** By Ben Boothby. London: Ward, Lock. 1907. 6s.

Only the most ingenious talent can make an attractive hero out of a thief; it is in any case an undesirable feat, and quite beyond the powers of Mr. Ben Boothby.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

**"Alexander Hamilton."** By F. S. Oliver. London: Constable. 1907. 6s.

We are glad to find that a cheaper edition of this book is now offered to the public. Hamilton was not only a remarkable man himself, but he played a leading part in the creation of the United States. It is safe to say that had it not been for him the newly formed Republic would have fallen asunder through the weight of its component parts. Hamilton will also be always remembered as a chivalrous defender of national good faith at a time when that virtue was not popular in America. A good many of the scandals which followed upon the Peace of 1783 were owing to the fact that there was no central authority to enforce the observance of treaty obligations. Hamilton was one of the few who took the right line throughout. Mr. Oliver's monograph is certainly the best attempt that has yet been made, either in England or the United States, to give a comprehensive survey of Hamilton's career. He avoids excessive eulogy and its opposite. No American writer that we are aware of has dealt so fairly with both Hamilton and Aaron Burr.

**"History of Ancient Civilisation."** By Charles Seignobos. London: Fisher Unwin. 1907. 5s.

A. H. W., as to whose personality we have no further information, has what he calls edited this book from the French author's book, "Histoire de la Civilisation". The result is an account of the past compiled in the spirit and style of a cookery book. Perhaps it contains all the facts known but drily told, with as much animation as a page of Whitaker's Almanack. There is no philosophy or humane spirit in it; nothing but the dry bones of fact stand out, unclothed in flesh and blood and unendowed with life. It is a sorry, dry-as-dust, uninteresting, and unprofitable compilation.

**"The Life of Sir Tobie Matthew."** By his Kinsman, Arnold Harris Mathew, and Annette Calthrop. London: Elkin Matthews. 1907. 12s. net.

Sir Tobie Matthew was an active and not altogether obscure player in the struggle between Charles I. and Parliament, although of not enough note for the general historian to attend to. He was an earnest and untiring supporter of the King and a friend of Hyde, Laud, and in earlier years of Bacon. Matthew was known indeed at one time as "Bacon's Alter Ego". Some

of his correspondence with Bacon is published in this volume, and is of moderate interest. After the death of Laud and Strafford, Matthew had to leave the country, but abroad he kept in touch with the Royalist party. Matthew's most important work was probably done in furthering the Spanish match. He was employed for this by Charles. The authors have built their "Life" of Sir Tobie Matthew out of a great quantity of letters and papers concerning him which exist in various English and foreign libraries. It is fairly interesting.

Charles St. John's "Wild Sports and Natural History of the Highlands" has had a long run, and very few sporting books of the kind have been so often reprinted in fifty years as this. Mr. Murray has now included it in his half-crown reprints of various popular books. St. John was perhaps a better sportsman than writer; at least as writer he had nothing in the nature of literary distinction. Matter rather than manner was his strong point. Yet, without any gift or cultivation of literary form, he carries on the reader from first to last. His sincerity and enthusiasm are never in doubt, and one feels all through his book that one is in contact with a real man.

Messrs. Seeley have started a new series of reprints called "The Elzevir Library." "Library" is rather a large word to be used of booklets such as these. But the volumes are decidedly natty and original in get-up. They are adorned with coloured frontispieces by Mr. H. M. Brock and a few chapter-headings and tail-pieces, and bound and finished off with some delicacy. The opening volumes are "Vignettes from Oliver Goldsmith", "Fancy and Humour of Charles Lamb", and "Wit and Imagination of Benjamin Disraeli".

For this Week's Books see page 522.

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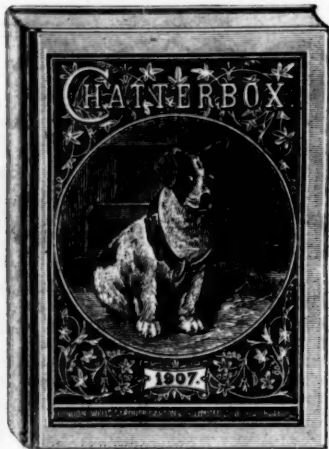
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**CONSOLIDATED MINES SELECTION.**

THE eleventh ordinary general meeting of the above Company was held on October 22, at Winchester House, Mr. Francis Muir presiding.

The Chairman expressed the disappointment and regret of the directors that they could not present a more favourable balance-sheet. The experience of the year had exceeded their worst expectations. Under the most extraordinary and perplexing conditions they had done their best to steer the ship a straight course, and it was no fault of theirs that smooth water had not yet been reached. They did not claim that they had made no mistakes, but they had done the best according to their judgment in circumstances of unusual difficulty. The capital remained, as a year ago, at £1,000,000 in shares of £1 each. The debenture issue was also unchanged at £400,000, bearing 5 per cent. interest. The profit and loss account, including £14,675 brought forward and transferring £61,048 from share premium reserve account, showed, with £37,121 profits realised, £28,496 for interest and dividends, and £67 for transfer fees, the sum of £141,405 for disposal. Expenses, &c., had absorbed £27,402. Debenture interest required £20,000, losses on securities realised £6,616, and income-tax £1,476, leaving £29,911 to be carried forward to next account. They much regretted having to wipe out the reserve account, but it seemed rather futile to leave it standing on the credit side, with the result that profit and loss account would have shown a large debit. He imagined that depreciation could be no cause of surprise at the present time to any investors in almost any class of securities, and certainly not to anyone who had at all followed the course of events in South Africa. The crucial question for them to-day as a company was, would this depreciation disappear in the future wholly or partly? If it did, their way would lie straight before them; if it did not, clearly the question would come up for consideration and action, but, in the board's opinion, that time had not yet arrived. Now where were they to look for an improvement in the existing state of the Transvaal mining industry? First of all, he would say it was a great thing that, politically, the country was settled—that it had its own Government, and was free from the grandmotherly interference, often one-sided, of Downing Street, and the meddlesomeness of interested home politicians hunting for notoriety and votes. The indications were that Boer and Briton were going to work cordially together for the welfare of the whole country and all its interests, and one might, therefore, feel justified in looking to the Transvaal Government to do everything possible to assist the mining industry. Next, it was certain that hard times had impressed on the whole community the paramount virtues of economy and efficiency, and these were to be the watchwords of the future. There seemed to be no doubt that working costs could and would be reduced, and 15s. or 16s. per ton was freely talked of, and had already on some mines been very nearly approached. This would bring 5 dwt. or 6 dwt. "propositions" within the sphere of practical business, and make payable vast deposits of bank hitherto left untouched. Much greater efficiency would be required from both white and coloured labour, and all establishment expenditure would be on a more moderate scale. The one feature in the situation which still gave rise to some apprehension was the labour question—especially, of course, the probability of a sufficient supply of Kafirs being available when the Chinese had all gone. There was a distinct difference of opinion, so far, on this point, many mining representatives failing to see how the thing was to work out, while the Government—who, as natives of the country, probably understood the Kafirs a great deal better than did the newer population—professed confidence that the question would settle itself satisfactorily. It must be a great trial to a mine manager to have his force of trained Chinese replaced by a lot of raw Kafirs; hence, no doubt, the very doleful lament at the recent meeting of the Glen Deep. But, on the other hand, it was maintained by many who knew that, with improved organisation and chances for small promotion, a good deal more might be got out of the Kafirs than had been the case in the past, while it was freely stated that the introduction of the new rock-drill on a large scale would release many thousand Kafir hammermen for work elsewhere. He moved the adoption of the report and accounts.

Mr. Anton Dunkels seconded the motion, which was unanimously adopted without discussion.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman and directors concluded the proceedings.

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FINANCIAL QUARTER ENDING	31st July, '07	30th Sept., '07	30th Sept., '07	30th Sept., '07	31st July, '07	30th Sept., '07	30th Sept., '07	31st July, '07	30th Sept., '07
<b>Mine.</b>									
DEVELOPMENT WORK—									
No. of feet driven, sunk and risen, exclusive of Stopes...	633'3	2,245'3	2,013'0	1,677'0	2,812'0	944'0	2,610'0	1,280'0	2,585'0
Estimated Tonnage of Ore exposed by drives, &c. ..	45,925	81,353	112,291	62,349	100,889	44,521	149,369	60,891	109,438
STOPING—									
Tonnage Stoped, including Ore from development faces	61,292	98,045	104,151	60,926	108,267	81,099	110,997	89,128	46,069
<b>Mill.</b>									
No. of Stamps in operation	100	300	300	100	180	130	300	200	60
Total Ore crushed (tons) ..	57,480	85,100	93,975	55,093	90,180	67,830	102,390	82,802	35,690
Duty per Stamp per 24 hours (tons) .. .. .	7'266	5'868	5'702	6'629	5'219	6'591	6'233	5'119	7'077
<b>Cyaniding.</b>									
Tons Concentrates treated..	—	—	—	—	5,250	—	—	—	—
Tons Sands treated .. ..	34,370	57,330	62,258	38,550	54,320	48,405	63,640	54,379	23,496
Tons Slimes treated .. ..	22,920	29,044	31,958	17,877	35,400	19,242	35,821	28,350	12,128
Total Tons treated .. ..	57,290	86,374	94,216	56,427	94,720	67,647	99,461	82,729	35,624
<b>Gold Production.</b>									
Mill (fine oz.) .. .. .	13,752	19,612	22,454	13,590	25,212	27,629	31,053	21,664	9,901
Cyanide Works (fine oz.) ..	8,288	9,486	10,187	5,908	13,154	11,472	13,695	7,063	4,077
Total (fine oz.) .. .. .	22,040	29,098	32,641	19,498	40,366	39,101	44,748	28,727	13,978
Total Yield per Ton Milled (fine dwt.) .. .. .	7'399	6'898	6'945	6'976	8'399	11'529	8'740	6'938	7'848
<b>Total Working Expenses.</b>									
Cost .. .. .	£51,390 0 4	£81,235 3 3	£92,094 1 0	£66,273 11 9	£111,266 19 11	£61,523 0 8	£95,544 9 6	£93,464 16 4	£45,793 1 7
Cost per Ton Milled .. ..	£1 1 4'325	£0 19 1'100	£0 19 7'190	£1 3 9'595	£1 3 1'820	£0 18 1'684	£0 18 7'954	£1 2 6'905	£1 5 8'344
<b>Revenue.</b>									
Value of Gold produced ..	£91,654 8 8	£121,737 18 9	£136,585 13 8	£81,224 0 3	£169,172 1 10	£163,457 8 4	£187,106 18 9	£120,738 18 8	£18,433 10 1
Value per Ton Milled ..	£1 11 10'690	£1 8 7'326	£1 9 0'822	£1 9 2'021	£1 15 2'400	£2 8 2'354	£1 16 6'785	£1 9 1'959	£1 12 9'722
<b>Working Profit.</b>									
Amount .. .. .	£30,264 8 4	£40,502 15 6	£44,491 12 8	£14,950 8 6	£57,905 1 11	£101,934 7 8	£91,552 9 3	£67,274 2 4	£12,640 8 6
Per Ton Milled .. .. .	£0 10 6'364	£0 9 6'226	£0 9 5'625	£0 5 4'486	£0 12 0'582	£1 10 0'670	£0 17 10'831	£0 6 7'053	£0 7 1'168
<b>Interest.</b>									
Credit .. .. .	£287 11 6	£700 19 8	£321 14 9	*£308 8 11	*£606 1 5	*£961 14 9	£1,917 0 3	£36 14 3	£128 6 0
<b>Net Profit.</b>									
Estimated Amount of 10% Tax on Profits .. .. .	£30,551 19 10	£41,203 15 2	£44,813 7 5	£15,758 17 3	£58,531 3 4	£102,896 2 5	£93,599 9 0	£67,310 16 7	£12,825 14 6
<b>Reserve Gold (fine oz.) ..</b>	£2,683 0 0	£9,059 0 0	£4,613 0 0	£1,492 0 0	£6,375 0 0	£11,054 0 0	£8,778 0 0	£307 0 0	£368 0 0
<b>Capital Expenditure ..</b>	£2,010	1,453	4,027	2,968	8,914	7,666	10,521	2,508	1,884
<b>Interim Dividends Declared.</b>									
Payable to Shareholders registered on books as at Rate per cent. .. ..	31st July, '07 7½ %	—	—	30th Sept., '07 —	31st July, '07 12½ %	30th Sept., '07 17½ %	—	—	—
Total amount of distribution	£45,000	—	—	£26,194 15 0	£84,375 0 0	£159,250 0 0	—	—	—

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